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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A WRECK AT SEA—"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!"—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

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THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

THE alacrity with which at the opening of the present session of the British Parliament members of the government and members of the opposition vied with each other in professions of friendly feeling toward the United States, and of anxiety to preserve the peace between the two countries, presented an instructive as well as a pleasing spectacle. President CLEVELAND'S message on the Venezuela matter was, at the time of its appearance, understood everywhere as a vehement challenge thrown into the face of Great Britain to accept our decision or fight, and the world was for a while in a flurry of excitement at its bellicose emphasis. Nothing could excel the graceful gentleness of phrase with which that defiance was in the Queen's speech from the throne turned into an "expression of a wish" on the part of the United States "to co-operate in terminating the differences which have existed for many years between my government and the republic of Venezuela upon the boundary of that country and my colony of British Guiana." It is true, neither the speech from the throne nor the speeches made in Parliament by the ministers promised in terms the submission to arbitration of the whole question as asked for by our government. But the tone of those speeches, as well as the utterances of the opposition, revealed so intense and so unanimous a desire to avoid a quarrel with the United States at almost any sacrifice of feeling in the face of strong provocation, that a peaceable composition of the trouble may now be looked for as a certainty.

It will be useful to the American people to appreciate the significance of all this clearly. That neither the British government nor the British people saw in President CLEVELAND'S Venezuela message such a polite expression of a "wish to co-operate" as is ordinarily passed between good friends, may be taken for granted. They were, no doubt, at first quite sincerely angered by it, and itching to resent it. Neither is there any reason for doubting that the British government would have liked to attach to the British colony of Guiana all that is valuable near the Venezuelan boundary. Nor is it to be assumed that they will curb their acquisitiveness in this case, and put up with our defiance for mere sentimental reasons, on account of our common SHAKESPEARE, or of the common origin of our respective political institutions, or because "blood is thicker than water," and so on. There is certainly a feeling of kinship between the two peoples which would make an unnecessary war between them appear especially wicked and atrocious. But it is a well-known experience that of all quarrels family feuds, when once started, are apt to be the fiercest, and that we are inclined to be much more sensitive to a slight or an insult or injury from a near relative than from a stranger. It is also certain that among the nations of the earth the Americans and the British are the most natural and the most equal rivals, and that their rivalry might bring forth, if not frequent collisions and conflicts, at least an incessant and not over-friendly jealousy.

That such agencies of discord exist finds abundant proof in the history of the two nations; and they will be apt to produce further mischief unless neutralized by a clear understanding and recognition of the fact that both nations have ample room for the exertion of their energies without encroaching upon one another's special fields of action, and that they have every possible reason for avoiding a conflict. In England this is now evidently very well understood. Until the time of our civil war some Englishmen still flattered themselves with the expectation that their great rival would go to pieces. But when the United States issued from that ordeal as a nation stronger and more firmly united than ever before, the delusion was over, and the great western republic was universally admitted to be a fixed, unalterable fact, to be reckoned with as such. Another truth broke upon the British mind. When discussing the silly pretence of our Jingoes that the United States were constantly in danger of insult or encroachment from foreign powers, we have always maintained that there was no single power and no possible combination of powers in the Old World that could, on account of its uncertain relations with other powers, afford to get into a serious quarrel with the United States; that they would go to the utmost limit of possibility to remain on good terms with us; and that we could not have a war with them unless we actually forced them into it. Nowhere is this better understood than in England. Peace with the United States is now one of the cardinal points of the political faith of every sensible Englishman; and of this, recent events have given the most striking proof. For the reasons mentioned we did not believe that the Venezuela trouble would lead to a war with Great Britain. But we must confess the extraordinary meekness with which the almost insulting defiance coming from this side has been received there, and the demonstrative eagerness with which the restoration of friendly relations is sought, have exceeded even our expectations.

All this shows conclusively how extremely childish have been the wild vociferations of our Jingoes about the dangers to which we were exposed on all sides, about the plots of European powers to divide among themselves the South American Continent as they are dividing Africa, about British designs to acquire Cuba, and about all sorts of impending attempts upon our safety and independence unless we were always armed to the teeth to repel every assault at a moment's notice. Let them open their eyes. We are not armed to the teeth. In fact, we are not armed at all. And yet, what do we behold? The greatest naval power on earth taking from us what it would hardly take from anybody else, and instead of resenting it, suing for our friendship.

What lesson should we learn from this? That, resting secure in a position of such acknowledged strength, this republic not only can afford, but should consider it its duty of honor to be scrupulously just and fair, generous and affable, in all its dealings with other nations. Let it not be said that Great Britain became so complaisant because we shook our fists in her face. For every sensible man must see now that she would have been ultimately complaisant if that which we wished had been demanded earnestly but politely, without any shaking of fists. When we say that we shall not have any war with any foreign nation unless we force that nation into war, we mean that we shall not have any war unless we make demands so unjust, or make them in a manner so insolent, that nobody could yield without entire loss of self-respect. Such conduct would be the more disgraceful to us the stronger we are, and a war so forced would be the most wicked wantonness. Every war is a calamity; but an unnecessary war is not only a calamity, but also a crime. We therefore most heartily second the efforts now making to obtain from the American people an expression of sentiment in favor of a treaty with Great Britain providing for arbitration in all proper cases, to the end of not only limiting the possibility of war, but of banishing even the thought of it.

OUR COWARDLY STATESMEN.

THE last vote in the House of Representatives on free coinage is very satisfactory. In estimating its importance it must be borne in mind that the members were elected in 1894, after the panic which had been caused by the fear of silver legislation, and a year after the Democratic majority in the Senate, controlled by the silver men, had so delayed the passage of the bill repealing the SHERMAN act that any possible immediate benefit was lost. Therefore, more than at any other election, candidates for the popular branch of Congress were voted for in 1894 on the issue of free coinage. The result is remarkable. Not only is the verdict against free coinage pronounced by a majority of 125 in a total vote of 305, but it is cast by representatives coming recently from the people of States that cast 289 against 167 electoral votes. The change in the opinions of some of the States is also remarkable.

The free-coinage movement will come up again and again in speeches, in resolutions, and in newspaper articles, but practically the country has apparently little to fear. The silver party will continue to exist for a time, and it may be that the politicians who will control the coming Presidential conventions, even some of those who have just voted against free coinage, will succeed in inserting in the platforms double-dealing and dishonest currency planks. Such planks, however, will be taken by the people at their real value. One thing is certain, neither party will dare, in the face of this vote, to nominate a Presidential candidate who would not veto a free-coinage measure. It may be that the candidates will be men of doubtful antecedents; nevertheless, the man who will be President after the 4th of March, 1897, is not likely to sign a free-coinage bill. Whoever he may be, or whatever his record on this question may be, he knows now that the people who control the Presidency and the House of Representatives are against this particular humbug. The business interests of the country, and the holders of American securities at home and abroad, may rest assured that it is as certain as any future event can be that for the coming four years the White House will be as strong a bulwark against this form of unsound money as it has been and is during the present four years.

This much has been accomplished by the thorough discussion which the question received during the time which elapsed from the strenuous days of the panic in 1893 to the end of the campaign of 1894. For nearly twenty years the country has been at the mercy of the speculators of the mining camps because of the cowardice or ignorance of our politicians. It was in 1876 that the movement for free coinage began, and in 1877 Mr. BLAND secured the passage of his free-coinage act by the House of Representatives by a vote of 163 to 34. It was a great victory, but Mr. ALLISON in the Senate secured the amendment of the bill so that it became our first silver-purchasing act. In this form it was passed by both Houses in 1878. From that time to this the agitation has gone on. The free-coinage Congressmen have never been able to enact their theory into law, but they have disturbed business, ruined hundreds of merchants, discredited the country, cost the tax-payers many millions of dollars, and burdened the Treasury with tons of useless bullion. In the end they inflicted a panic upon the country, and increased the public debt by an amount exceeding $250,000,000. It was only when the people actually realized that the strength of the silver sentiment in Congress was sending home the bonds and other securities that had been sold to Europe; and that by reason of the same bad influence business was brought to a standstill, the banks were hoarding their funds, merchants were failing, factories were closing, and working-men were idle, while the government was again, as it had been in the early days of the war, a half-suspected borrower in the money market—it was only after all this had dawned upon their minds that the people began to think upon the subject, with the result indicated by the recent vote in the House of Representatives.

Up to this time the cowardly politicians who sit in Congress and manage national conventions had not dared to meet the question. They accepted the impudent assertions and demands of the mine-owners as the voice of the people. They obeyed the noisy few of the mining camps, just as, twenty years ago, FERRY and other leading Republicans obeyed the shouts of the speculators for cheap paper money. Undoubtedly a very large number of Senators, Representatives, and other politicians who either harangued for silver, or wrote two-faced currency platforms, or professed "friendship for the white metal," were ignorant of the subject, but many more knew that they were advocating a monetary policy that was fraught with disaster to the material interests of the country. Both, however, mistook the noise of the men who wanted to sell their product to the government for double its worth for the matured convictions of a majority of the people, and they were either not brave enough to seek the truth or not honest enough to speak it.

If the politicians who knew better than they professed had begun the discussion of the silver question when Mr. BLAND opened his agitation, nearly twenty years ago, millions of money would have been saved and thousands of good men would have escaped financial wreck. Full discussion of any question, especially of a question like this with a moral element in it, may be depended on to bring the people of the United States to sound conclusions. The inflationists found that this was true in 1874, and the silver agitators have

now had an object-lesson of the same kind. If our politicians could be persuaded that manliness and frankness count with the American people far more than cowardice and duplicity, many of them, who will now never rise above their present condition, might become statesmen, while the country would escape many ills. If the silver question had been discussed in 1878 as it was in 1894, our monetary system would probably be sixteen years in advance of where it is to-day. What we have paid for the delay is due to the public men who shifted, evaded, and ran away from their duties instead of meeting and performing them.

SECRETARY LAMONT'S BILL.

If it is worth the while of the United States to maintain an army, it is worth while to make it and keep it efficient. The army in this country ought to be a nucleus that will be of value to whatever large force may be called into the field at any time for active operations. At present it is nearly as ineffective as the law can make it, and for many years Secretaries of War and commanding generals have urged upon Congress, without effect, the necessity of placing it upon a modern footing.

This year, however, it is said that there is a chance for legislation. Secretary LAMONT has taken advantage of this, and has prepared and presented the most sensible and practical bill that has yet been before Congress. It proposes the smallest increase in the number of troops that is consistent with any reform at all.

The cavalry of the United States army has been its most effective and its best organized branch. The infantry is still organized as it was in 1821. All other modern armies have adopted the three-battalion organization, and, in some States at least, the militia is thus divided. But the United States regular infantry continues to stumble along with an obsolete formation, although it is expected to be the heart and brain of any volunteer force that may be raised for future emergencies. Mr. LAMONT proposes no change in the cavalry arm, but recommends the addition of two new companies to each infantry regiment and the remanning of the two companies of each regiment that were made skeletons. This would add one hundred new companies, and would increase the number of infantrymen from 13,125, the present force, to 16,325.

The arm of the service that most needs extension and reorganization is the artillery. The whole force now available for manning our coast defences is five regiments, numbering 4025 men. The Secretary proposes to add two regiments of about 500 men each, making the artillery force 5075. Out of this force must be taken fourteen light batteries for field service, so that there would be seventy batteries for coast defence. The artillery has now become the most important branch of the army, in view of the fact that it must be depended on for furnishing the first line of defence on land in the case of a foreign war. The Secretary's bill provides a force of about 4000 men for manning and caring for the new works. These men will necessarily become expert gunners, and will be the teachers of the volunteers, who will be called in to man the defensive works now contemplated, and the full manning of which will require 29,000 enlisted men. The Secretary says that the seventy batteries constitute the minimum force that can care for the new works and the new guns, and the smallest force that can furnish a nucleus for the artillery arm of the service in case of war.

The measure would provide only 30,000 soldiers, and if Congress is not bent on maintaining the present obsolete and ridiculous organization it will enact the bill into a law.

PLATT'S ONSLAUGHT ON GOOD GOVERNMENT.

When the people of this vicinity consented by vote to the consolidation of the two great cities and some of the adjacent territory into a large municipality it was supposed that the system of government for the city would be devised by a competent commission. Mr. PLATT, however, declined to carry out this idea, or to obey the command of the people in any way, until he obtained control of both the executive and legislative branches of the State government. Now that he is in control, he proposes that the consolidation shall be carried out for the profit of the Republican party, without regard to the interests of the people of the communities affected.

No arguments against his plan seem to disturb him or his Legislature, or to change their minds in the slightest degree. Corporation Counsel SCOTT has presented to Chairman LEXOW'S committee reasons against the proposed legislation that convince reasonable men of the wrongs that will be inflicted on these communities by PLATT's scheme. He has shown that the power to create debts will thereby be increased beyond the intention of the Constitution; that government within government will be created to a hitherto unknown extent; and that gross inequalities in taxation will obtain under the new municipality.

PLATT and his men do not care for these arguments. They are not concerned with questions of government, but with questions of party advantage. They propose that a community having a larger population than that of many of the States shall be placed in tutelage, that the power of their voters over their own affairs shall be abridged, and that some of the most important administrators of their affairs shall not be chosen by the people, but shall be appointed by the politicians of the party which happens to be in power at Albany. Just now this is the Republican party, and steps are to be taken looking to the permanency of that party in the State, and to the material prosperity of its "boss" and his henchmen through possession of the patronage of the Greater New York.

The police, the health authorities, the Fire Department, all the bureaus and departments that employ large numbers of men, are to be managed by the servants of the Albany politicians. Instead of promoting local self-government, PLATT intends to destroy it in the largest municipality in the country, where a real effort ought to be made in behalf of better and more honest municipal administration than the country now knows.

No more dangerous attack on sound principles of government has been made in this country than that which is now contemplated by PLATT and by his subservient lieutenant, LEXOW.

FEMININE ELECTRICITY.

It was reserved for the marvellously fruitful Elizabethan era to beget the science of electricity. Dr. GILBERT, SHAKESPEARE'S contemporary, physician to the Queen, was its founder and the inventor of the term, for he had in mind certain peculiar properties of *ἤλεκτρον* (amber), and dubbed his special study the amber science. GILBERT died in 1603. Afterwards such famous men as Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Sir WILLIAM WATSON, and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN prosecuted studies in the same field, but how slight the advance that was made in one hundred and fifty years, how little intimation even specialists had obtained of the true nature of their subject, of the incomparable *force* that underlay such feeble experiments as they had made, one may infer from an occurrence in the year 1753. On August 6th of that year a thunder-storm broke over St. Petersburg, and an eminent professor, who had erected and insulated an iron rod to collect the electricity of thunder-clouds, observed the indications of an electrometer that formed part of his apparatus, for this purpose placing his head at so slight a remove that, after a tremendous thunder-clap, his engineer, SOKOLOFF, saw a great spark or ball of fire shoot from the rod to the professor's head....

From the beginning it had been noticed that there were two kinds of electric force, but these were named, with reckless discourtesy, positive and *negative*, as though the second had been inferior, inactive, merely receptive. And yet there were suggestions of the true relations of these two forces that should not have been overlooked. It is recorded that six years after the St. Petersburg professor's fatal experiment (about 1759) ROBERT SYMMER, "when pulling off his stockings in the evening, remarked that they gave a crackling noise and emitted sparks." By varied experience he discovered that the electricity was most powerful when a silk and worsted stocking had been worn on the same leg, or, if the stockings were both of silk, then more diverting results were obtained when they were of different colors. Two white silk stockings or two black ones gave no electrical indications. When a black and a white stocking were withdrawn from the same leg, and then separated, they were so much inflated that each showed the entire shape of the leg, and at a distance of eighteen inches they rushed to meet each other. Separated by force, they would again become inflated, and be as ready to rush together as before. When this experiment was performed with two black stockings in one hand and two white in the other, the repulsion of those of the same color—their jealousy—and the attraction of those of different colors, would "throw them into agitation and make them catch each at that of its opposite color *at a greater distance.*" Plainly this eighteenth-century student had to do with masculine and feminine electricity, and yet the unflattering term "negative," as applied to the feminine, has persisted even to our day.

Now the end of the nineteenth century seems destined to witness the revenge or rehabilitation of the feminine, even in electricity. The kathode rays, or RÖNTGEN, or "X," or negative rays, the men of science say, are "mysterious." It would be more apt and more humanly interesting to say that they are feminine. Opaque substances are transparent—to feminine rays.

A HINT TO REACTIONARIES.

Perhaps enough has already been said reprovingly of certain offensive manifestations that characterized the recent outbreak of the war spirit in this country. Possibly the zeal for reaction may be carried so far as to induce a counter-reaction; and excessive pacification, when its insistence has become a bit tiresome, may make Jingoes of a good many rational people.

And certainly there can be no harm in recalling once in a while other aspects of the same critical period that were not offensive, but rather inspiriting. Let this serve as an example: While the year was drawing to a close, it was clearly understood that the OLNEY-MONROE doctrine in effect invited a hostile fleet of war-ships to visit the ports of our Atlantic seaboard, destroying or levying contributions almost at pleasure; and yet there was little anxious scrutiny of our means of defence. Was this attitude like that of a desperate fool who, totally unprepared, provokes a conflict with an armed and expert antagonist? At first sight the comparison seems to be just, but a little reflection will show that it is misleading; for a mighty and multiform force may justify such self-reliance, and the spirit thus intimated is the spirit that, on a grand scale, permeating and informing a whole people, makes that people absolutely unconquerable. A juster parallel is found in the seventy-fourth chapter of *Lorna Doone*, where John Ridd, confident in his youth and strength, offers Carver Doone the first chance. It is written, "I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and I let him have a hug of me"—and when the trial of strength at wrestling for life or death was ended, the black bog of the Wizard's Slough had Carver Doone by the feet, and presently, joint by joint, he sank from sight; and John Ridd had conquered, though he "heard his rib go"—but (the phrases are very apt, as well as very striking) "with strength of blood like mine, and power of heart behind it, a broken bone must burn itself. Mine went hard, with fires of pain, being of such size and thickness; and I was ashamed of him for breaking by reason of a pistol-ball and the mere hug of a man."

John Ridd's attitude towards Carver Doone seems analogous to and explanatory of the attitude that this country assumed when drawn to the verge of war through no fault of its own, except the one grave fault that it let itself be contentiously led on by eminent politicians—the public servants. But Mr. BLACKMORE makes John Ridd say the wound and the broken rib and the sickness that set in "fetched me down in conceit of strength; so that I was careful afterwards." And that is precisely what a war would do for us. War has been averted; now let us look to our defences.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The movement for the federal union of the colonies of Australia advances slowly. The truth is that in the island-continent federal sentiment has required to be created, and is even now by no means a universal or even a very enthusiastic sentiment. The desire for localized self-government is probably at all times a stronger desire than that for a national union; and when, as in Australia, things have gone well with people under their local institutions, they are pardonably slow to welcome the idea of change. Had our own country been occupied by half a dozen States widely scattered over its surface, and unmenaced by external interference, a hundred and twenty years ago, the Union would not have been so easily accomplished. This is the position of Australia to-day, and it is no small tribute to the energy of the small band of federation advocates in the various colonies that a practical measure has actually been passed through the parliaments of the most important of them to bring about a federal union.

The measure which has become law in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria, and probably by this time also in those of South Australia and Tasmania, is, in its general features, the same as the bill agreed upon a year ago by the Premiers of the various colonies at their meeting at Hobart. It provides for the holding of a federation convention to which each colony shall be invited to send ten representatives for the purpose of drawing up a federal constitution for an Australian Dominion. These representatives are to be chosen by the people on the basis of manhood suffrage, and, so far as the two largest of them are concerned, at any rate, each colony is to be treated as a single electorate. The convention is to meet within a given time, and having framed a federal constitution, it will cease to exist. The proposed constitution will then be laid before each of the colonial parliaments for discussion, but not for amendment, and must then, within a fixed period, be referred to the vote of the electors, voting on the same basis as in the election of the convention, who are to vote yes or no on the question of its adoption so far as their own colony is concerned. Should a majority of the electors who vote (provided that majority shall not include less than 50,000 voters) agree to its adoption, it is provided that it shall again come before the parliaments, and shall, if they by a majority shall so agree, be forwarded to the mother-country with the request of the legislature that an imperial act may be passed to give effect to it. These are the main provisions of the federation enabling acts passed by the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria, and it is unlikely that they will be seriously altered by the parliaments of any of the less populous members of the group. Minor differences will no doubt be introduced, but the decision of Victoria to accept the act in all essentials as passed by the parliament of the mother-colony of New South Wales will almost certainly guide the action of the remainder.

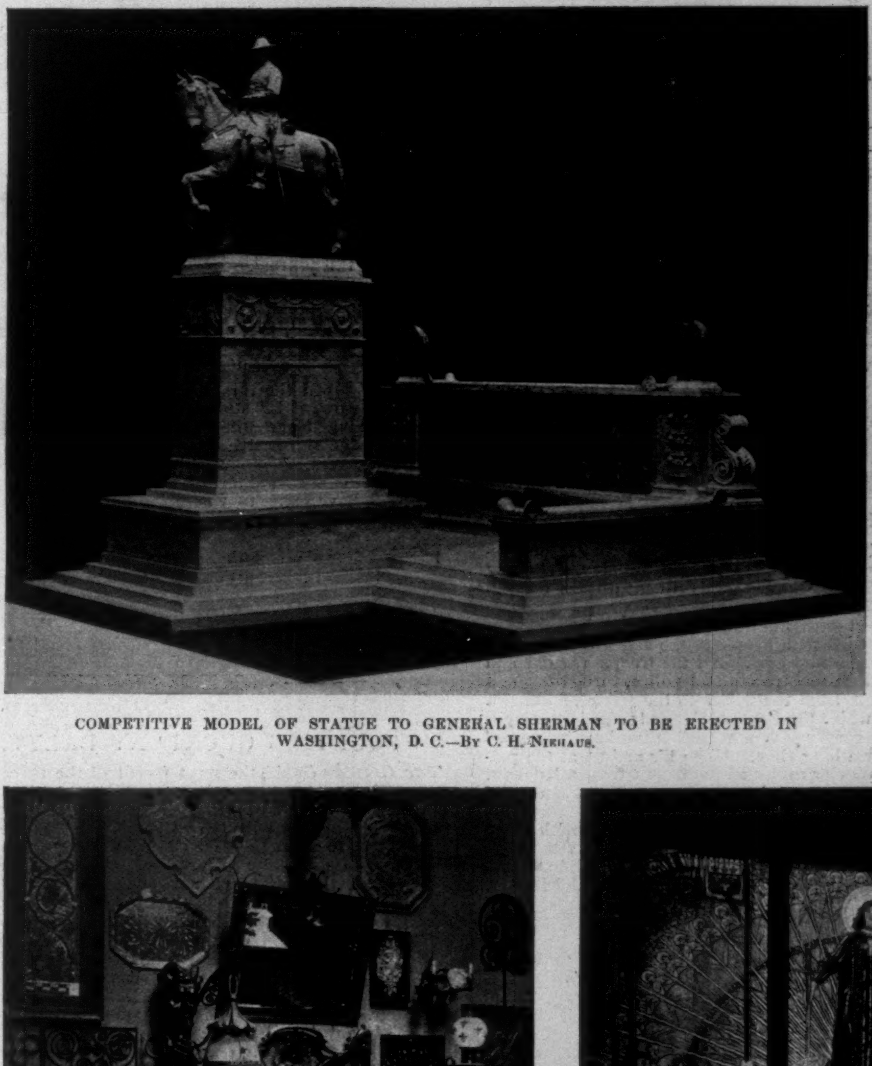
The most novel, and at the same time the least hopeful, feature of this legislation is that which introduces the idea of a referendum to the will of the people, with a reference back to the will of the parliament. This provision formed no part of the original scheme, yet, strange and illogical as it looks at first sight, it is not quite so strange as it seems. It is, in fact, a concession to the important section of the Australian community which not only does not desire federation itself, but refuses to believe that any large part of the people desire it. These persons consider that while it may be possible to work up a federation sentiment strong enough to secure 50,000 votes in favor of such a constitution as may be agreed upon, the majority of the people have not taken the trouble to understand the question, and can in no sense be said to desire federation. Should a majority of the electors vote for it, however, there is no chance that the parliament would dream of interfering; if, on the contrary, a much smaller number do so, it will be at least a matter of doubt whether the time for Australian federation has yet arrived.

SCENES FROM THE "COUNTESS GUCKI," AS PRODUCED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

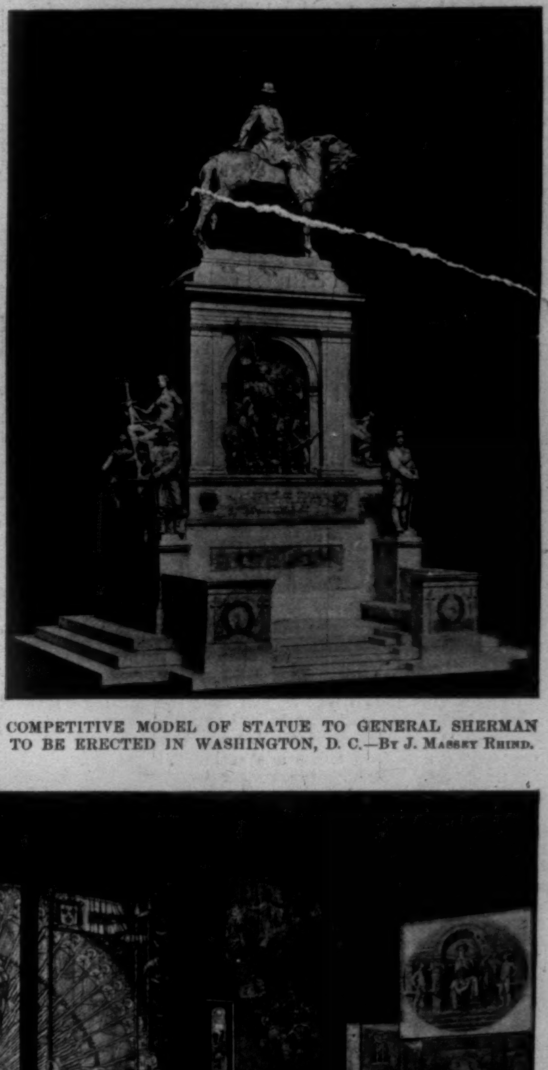
1. Mr. and Mrs. Court-Counsellor von Mittersteig (Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert). 2. Miss Ada Rehan as Countess Marni Prachau ("Countess Gucki"). 3. A picturesque Effect. 4. Cousin Leopold and Cousin Lilli (Mr. Herbert and Miss Nelson). 5. "Countess Gucki"—Young Horst von Neuhoff and General Suwatcheff as Rivals. 6. Beside the Punch-Bowl (Miss Rehan and Mr. Richman). 7. Old General Suwatcheff (Mr. Edwin Sterns). 8. Rosa and the Buttermilk (Miss Hoffman). 9. Counsellor von Mittersteig (Mr. Lewis). 10. "Countess Gucki," the Handkerchief, and Young von Neuhoff (Miss Rehan and Mr. Richman).

CARYATID.—By Henry Linder.

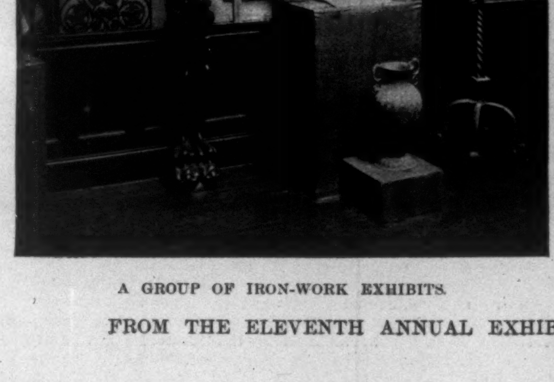
A VIEW IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.



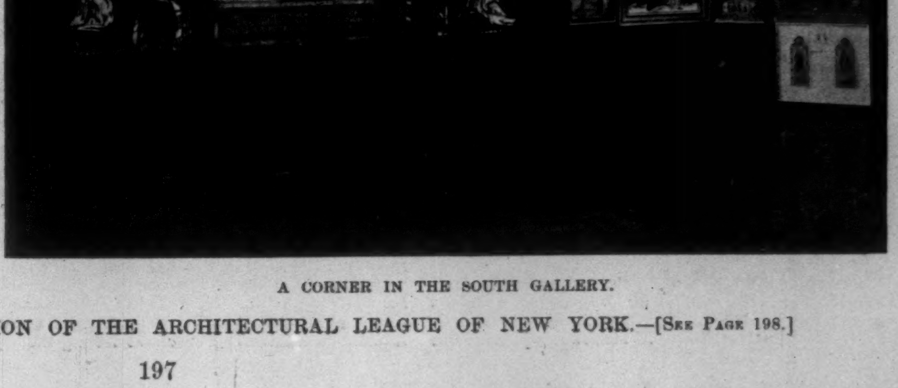
COMPETITIVE MODEL OF STATUE TO GENERAL SHERMAN TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—By C. H. Niehaus.



COMPETITIVE MODEL OF STATUE TO GENERAL SHERMAN TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—By J. Massey Rhind.



A GROUP OF IRON-WORK EXHIBITS.



A CORNER IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.

FROM THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 198.]

TO MY PEN.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

PEN, I have words to say that concern both you and me. Oftentimes thou hast spoken for me; knowing my modesty, thou hast in kindness spoken for me, sometimes well, sometimes ill, but always in kindness, for thou art a sweet pen, and I love thee passing well.

Pen, thou hast been my companion many years, and thou hast served me diligently. Though I neglected thee, thou didst not chide me; though often I o'erburthened thee with labor, thou didst not complain. Thou hast been my patient servitor, my helper, my solace, my benefactor. When I was aweary thou didst refresh me, when I fared ill thou didst console me, when I was in sorrow thou didst soothe my grief. But, sweet pen, the words I have to say are not of the love and gratitude I bear thee, but rather of those children that have come out of the years that thou and I have done our task together. It is now the time when these children are to go forth into the world, and it behooveth us—thee and me—to acknowledge them to be our children, and give them our blessing withal. Some of these children are fairer than the others, but all are fair in our eyes, sweet pen, for they are ours, and they shall speak for us when we are gone. That which is fairest in them is of thee, and that which is not so fair is of me, for I am but an ill creature, whilst thou art a most sweet and a most fair pen, and a most delectable.

My pen, let us say to these children these words: "Go forth, little lyrics, and sing to the hearts of men. The beautiful world is full of song, and thy voices may not be heard of all—but sing on, children of ours, sing to the hearts of men, and thy song shall at least swell the universal harmony that bespeaketh God's love and the sweetness of humanity."

And as you know right well, my pen, it hath ever been the custom with them that send children into the world, to name for them some patron exalted in riches, in station, and in power. Such an one do I know—rich in gracious feeling, high in the veneration of all hearts, and mighty in the practices of charity. To him shall we dedicate this work of ours, that he may know, and all else who read these words may know too, that the valor, the virtue, and wisdom of his life are to stand henceforth as sponsor to these singing ones of ours.

Sweet pen, unto my only brother—made dear to me not alone by his countless acts of affection, but also by his devotion—to him let us dedicate these lyrics; to him let us commit them tenderly, but with confidence that cometh with gratitude, reverence, and love.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

AN admirable showing is made at the present, the Eleventh, Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street.

The organization has never been in better condition, or given a more healthy earnest of its sincerity and its practical utility, than is evident in the mass of interesting, instructive drawings and designs, displayed in all the available space that these ample galleries afford. An attractive catalogue has been prepared, containing over threescore half-tone pictures, appropriately chosen, making a pleasant souvenir of the exhibition.

More than 800 exhibits are in evidence, ranging from really enormous plans and elevations for sky-scraping buildings of a commercial character and palatial residences of the phenomenally prosperous to the latest completed decorations for the new Congressional Library, including a mass of applied designs in iron, brass, leather, and dainty textile fabrics, giving ample evidence of the better taste and greater æsthetic requirements of the day.

To the average visitor it is needless to say that the decorative designs here shown will appeal with the greater force; for though there are many skilful and highly dexterous renderings of constructive schemes, ingenious in their originality or in their clever adaptation, it is for the craftsman that they will have the keener interest. The casual observer will be drawn to those attractive combinations of color and form, pictorial or sculptural, of interior embellishment, stained-glass windows, exquisite book covers, curiously wrought metal-work, marble or plaster busts, and equestrian statues.

Apropos of the last, the competition for the Sherman monument in Washington drew forth many sketches; two are shown on page 197, one by C. H. Niehaus, and the other by J. Massey Rhind, who will enter into the final struggle for the commission, they with two others having been selected to present further designs in competition. Mr. Niehaus also shows his admirable, dignified figure of Dr. Hahnemann, destined for the monument to the great homœopathist, likewise to be erected in Washington. In a sculptural way, there are two thoughtful figures of History, by Daniel C. French; a child's head in marble, by W. O. Partridge; a colossal head of a horse, by H. K. Bush-Brown; and by Karl Bitter, graceful, fascinating figures of caryatides for Mr. Astor's house. There is a Madonna and Child, by J. Massey Rhind; a bust, by F. V. Frolich; a head, by Theodore Bauer; work for the Congressional Library, by Herbert Adams and Philip Martigny, together with various designs by George H. Brewster.

In a decorative way, five panels by Elihu Vedder for the Congressional Library will attract much attention, and though familiar to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY in their black and white form, they may now be studied with the added charm of color. By Charles Y. Turner, the successful competitor for the commission to decorate the rotunda of the new Manhattan Hotel, there are his preliminary sketches for the long frieze representing the progress of the city, while much credit must be given to the designs of his four competitors, who have all done highly artistic work in this connection. They are Herbert Denman, Frank Fowler, Will H. Low, and Edward Simmons.

More or less of a novelty, and extremely graceful both in conception and execution, are E. H. Blashfield's designs for a piano for Mr. Drexel, representing Music—sacred, martial, dramatic, and otherwise. He sends a photograph of mural work in the dining-room of the Lawyers' Club, no less satisfactory. Walter Shirlaw has many decorative pictures, destined for stained glass and other uses. There are several quite personal cartoons by Alice A. Sewall, refreshing departures from the conventional, of Tragedy and Comedy, together with panels for a frieze. There are also decorative figures by Thomas Shields Clarke, Charles M. Shean, Samuel Isham, W. E. Van Ingen, William Walton, and, by Kenyon Cox, scale drawings and studies for his decoration of "The Fine Arts" for the Congressional Library.

In stained-glass designs, particularly of an ecclesiastical nature, there are contributions both in monochrome and color. Many are enormous working drawings, and some, it must be confessed, would be the better for evidence of sounder preliminary training; in a number of cases, however, the subjects are impressive, and the color, we all know, covers a multitude of sins. Among others may be mentioned an "Entombment," by Louis Tiffany; three cartoons for a Cincinnati church, by Maitland and Helen Armstrong; mediæval windows, by Heinigke & Bowen, who also send a dainty panel of faïence; the "Adoration of the Magi," by Frederic Wilson; work by J. & R. Lamb, with others of the same family; and many schemes by J. A. Holzer.

A well-drawn design for a memorial window is signed by Arild Rosenkranz, who has a book cover of merit; then there is work by Clara Wheeler Parrish, Henry Thouron, Frederick Marchall, Edward P. Sperry, A. J. Locke, Joseph Lauber, and others. A capital poster of "Winter driving Autumn" is by L. J. Rhead; there are book covers by Amy Richards, A. M. Hicks, C. F. Bragden, and J. A. Schweinfurth. Designs for silks and other stuffs come from the Misses Gilliam, Van Salisbury, Aspinwall, Newell, Taylor, Edward, and Redmund, the last having as well a decorative panel of flowers. There are carved wood clock-cases, delightful tooled leather, sconces, vases, and burnt wood-work.

In this latter medium an enormous panel, by J. William Fosdick, calls for serious consideration; it is entitled "The Adoration of Ste. Jeanne d'Arc"; the composition is very elaborate, having in the centre the slight figure of the inspired peasant girl, clad in armor, surrounded by knights, while the curious effect of the deep incision made by the red-hot instrument with which the artist has worked gives a result at once original and telling. Silvia Sewell has a table-top, and O. P. Staber two dining-room panels in this same medium. Venetian and Byzantine screen panels, together with illuminated gold friezes and old Florentine gold and silver, come from Charles R. Yandell. There are also wall-papers, designs for rugs, and some attractive tapestry.

When it comes to a matter of architectural designs the choice is so large that it is difficult to particularize. The principal architects of New York are present, with plans and elevations in keeping with the progress the profession has made. Sumptuous private residences, made possible by the possession of great wealth and liberal expenditures; enormous business houses of innumerable stories, extending heavenward, and solving the problem of overcoming the lack of space on the crowded island of Manhattan; dignified, imposing State capitols; luxurious club-houses and vast caravansaries, in the erection of which the financial side is apparently of secondary consideration—all these are here, and many more beside. As has been before remarked, the exhibition is both interesting and instructive, and the league once more demonstrates its substantial right to exist.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

GENERAL WEYLER IN CUBA.

THE arrival of General Valeriano Weyler, the new Captain-General of Cuba, at Havana, on Monday, February 10th, was made the occasion of a brilliant display of military force. The city and the ships in the harbor were gayly decorated with bunting and flags, and the water-front was crowded with people as the vessel bearing General Weyler came into port. All the troops, regular and volunteer, and all the firemen and police, turned out and lined the streets from the wharf to the palace, making a lane through which the Captain-General passed after landing. No such gorgeous demonstration has been witnessed in Havana for a long time. Upon his arrival at the palace, General Weyler reviewed the troops from a balcony, and he was loudly cheered by the populace, and serenaded by all the military bands in the city.

General Weyler is a man of slender build, with a fine military presence. He is rather fairer of skin than the average Spaniard, and wears a mustache and side whiskers. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the last Cuban war, and was one of the favorite officers of Valmaseda, whose cruelties to the insurgents won for him the surname of "Butcher."

One of General Weyler's first acts upon establishing himself in command of the island was to issue a proclamation outlining his policy. He said that he would protect all those who were loyal to Spain, but that he would treat insurgents and their sympathizers with the utmost severity. He said that the people must be either for Spain or against Spain, that he would admit of no half-hearted loyalty, but that every man must prove his faithfulness by doing all he could to injure the insurgents, and even, if necessary, by enlisting to fight against them. By sympathizers with the insurgents General Weyler said he meant persons who gave them information or shelter or food, or even those persons who circulated news favorable to the revolutionists. He asserted that the defence of the country demands sacrifices, and that it will be necessary for the towns to establish their own defences.

This attitude on the part of the new Captain-General has spread terror among a great many Cubans, especially among those who have been trying to take no part in the war, but who no doubt sympathize with the insurgents. A great many men have been arrested as political suspects, and thrown into prison to be tried by court martial, for General Weyler has decided that the military tribunal shall take the place for the present of civil courts. It is reported that a number of these political prisoners have already been shot in the Cabanas. As a result of these rumors the insurgent commanders, Gomez and Maceo, have announced that if Weyler shoots prisoners, they will retaliate by killing every Spanish soldier they capture, instead of disarming them and letting them go, as they did under the administration of General Campos. The orders which placed General Weyler in command of the island of Cuba gave him practically absolute power over every inhabitant in the colony, and he even has the right to remove any or all officers, military, civil, or judicial, without giving any explanation of his reasons therefor.

MR. CASEY AND THE WASHINGTON ARCHITECTS.

NEW YORK, *February 15, 1896.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It appears that in a recent article published in your paper upon the new Congressional Library the titles of the illustrations are quite misleading, and do an obvious injustice to the former architects of the building.

As is clearly outlined in the text accompanying the illustrations, the exterior of the building, as well as the general plan, are virtually from the designs of Smithmeyer & Pelz, with subsequent modifications by Mr. Pelz.

At a later date it was found necessary to redesign the interior architecture and many other features about the building, as far as the existing plan would admit.

This task was assigned to me, as is correctly stated in the text.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD PEARCE CASEY.

P.S.—You would confer a great favor upon me by publishing the above in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

E. P. C.

[The above letter has been called forth by a resolution of censure adopted by the Washington Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, at a meeting held Friday evening, February 7th. This resolution, which has since been presented for adoption to the Board of Directors of the Institute, assembled in New York, was aimed at the correction of the impression recently created that Mr. Edward P. Casey was the architect of the new Congressional Library in Washington. "Certain statements published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 28, 1895," were among those to which the Washington Chapter objected. Those statements, forming part of an article by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, were all made on the authority of Mr. Casey, to whom, as an architect officially connected with the work upon the Library, application was made for official data. Mr. Cortissoz desires us to state that these data were given to him by Mr. Casey, and that wherever in the article of December 28th allusion is made to the latter as architect, or to Messrs. Smithmeyer & Pelz as former architects, the facts stated or the impression conveyed followed Mr. Casey's explicit representations as to the responsibility of each individual named. As regards the titles under the illustrations—a detail to which no reference is made in the Washington resolution—they were affixed with Mr. Casey's knowledge and authorization, after consultation between him and a representative of this journal.—EDITOR.]

THE ESCAPE.

[J. K. B.]

I HAVE escaped the thraldom of the town,—
The narrow, noisy streets without a tree,
The cramped and stifling rooms wherein the free
Light of the sun scarce dared to face the frown
Of shadow gargoyles gazing up and down
Dim halls and chambers mockingly at me,
And I have come to where the bird and bee
Sing and the garden wears a floral crown.

I have escaped; and those I love are here,—
Friends and my heart's own wife and little boy,—
The Muse and Cupid—Cupid who may roam
Among the shrubs and trample without fear
The velvet grass and taste of childhood's joy,
And She and I find happiness and home.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

"COUNTESS GUCKI" AT DALY'S.

THE *Countess Gucki*, the most recent of the successful comedies adapted from the German of Franz von Schoenthan that have entered into the story of Mr. Daly's playhouse, is not merely a lively and graceful comedy and a capital piece to enlist the gifts of such excellent actors as Mr. Daly can distribute in it. We have, to be sure, in such a connection, Miss Rehan, gayly bustling about in a rôle particularly adapted to her—in fact, written with the intention of her American and English appearances in it. We have Mr. Charles Richman—a new-comer among Mr. Daly's people—as a strangely attractive, manly, rattling young soldier and lover. We meet Mrs. Gilbert, perennially delightful as a kind-hearted Xantippe. One applauds Mr. Lewis, also perennially hen-pecked beneath Mrs. Gilbert's iron rule and piercing tongue. Mr. Edwin Sterns is excellent as a courtly old Russian warrior, with a romantic heart, in spite of a gray head. All these merry matters are factors in *Countess Gucki*, and there is an uncommon picturesqueness and color in the costuming of a pretty and wholesome play whose action is set in Vienna—fashionable and semi-official Vienna—not less than seventy-five years ago. But more than these matters, there comes into our entertainment in Von Schoenthan's sparkling piece and its rich dress a certain light touch of intellectual local coloring, a local allusiveness that—by a name, a word, a phrase, here or there—gives its firmer interest as a specially Viennese importation. Not merely by the poke-bonnets and high waists and ankle-buttoned trousers and bell-skirted coats and elaborate uniforms and formal courtesies of Vienna in 1819 is hinted to us the Danube City as it was. Even in its English dress (and Mr. Daly, wisely, has less adapted than literally translated Von Schoenthan's text) the talk of the play puts us sketchily in touch with Vienna as it was in the days of Princes Schwartzenberg and Metternich and the Duke of Reichstadt; Vienna, with Napoleon not long conquered and still alive in St. Helena; Wagram not at all a cold theme in Vienna; Vienna's own *fesche* society influenced by French notions, French fashions; Goethe and Schiller living; Lanner a king of the waltz (though, by-the-bye, one notes a bit of anachronism *there*); the "Innere Stadt" and its near

environments, so much the centre of aristocratic residence life that the widened street circles of to-day were largely mere suburbs. Ah, it was a different Vienna in 1819 from what is Vienna in 1896! and yet how much the same in Viennese spirit and Viennese fascination! This ancient local atmosphere is made part of the picture in *Countess Gucki* with a deal of effect by Von Schoenthan's gay pen.

Nor is this all. Besides the pictures, there is a neat little spear of satire sticking up through the piece. It is a wholesome fun-poking at an ever-attackable subject in Germany and Austria, even in this rather less stilted time—the pettiness of a great deal of official life, the puerility of petty official dignity, the truckling in petty official wire-pulling in Germany's or Austria's court life and capital life. One little speech that Miss Rehan delivers, with a pleasing effect of sincerity and warmth, rebukes false respect for empty titles and bureaucratic laziness; and contrasts it with hard-working though humble industry. The house applauds it; and, by-the-bye, it applauds it in super-aristocratic Vienna as promptly as it does in democratic New York.

Countess Gucki (or *Countess Guckerl*, as is the title of the play really, and with more Austrian correctness) is, in a word, an odd and charming picture, and a wholesome three hours of humor and airy suggestiveness. It is still drawing great houses at the Volkstheater in Vienna, where the drollery of Fräulein Odilon and the fun-making of the clever Martinellis and of Herr Giampieri dash it on with much zest; and its American presentation is of much the same truthfulness. It is making a liberal round of the German and Austrian stages; and Mr. Daly has added perceptibly to the theatrical season's mirth and refinement by its transferrence hither.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WHEN I spoke last week of the impossibility of any poor person seeing a good modern play, or a good play of any kind, I did not mean to imply that the affluent were not solely entitled to all the enjoyments of this world. If they alone can pay for them they alone have the right to them. That is the business view of the matter, and I always like to take the business view; it flatters my vanity; it makes me feel like a business man.

I insist that this is the only test that can be applied in such cases. One might as well say that a poor person ought to have nice things to eat, or handsome clothes to wear, as say that he ought to have an evening of artistic pleasure at the theatre. Nothing could be more repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, nothing more un-American. If it were merely a question of refined pleasure, I should leave it here; for there is nothing I am clearer about than that no poor person is entitled to a refined pleasure, for the simple and sufficient reason that he cannot pay for it.

I.

But we Americans are all agreed that though a poor person may not be elegantly amused at the common cost, he ought to be edified and enlightened, and a free education at the expense of the commonwealth is so plainly the right of every American that we offer it in all the States, and in some we force it upon the poorest persons. It is at this point that the dual nature of the theatre embarrasses the simple conclusion that one must not have what one cannot pay for. Fully half the children in our public schools could not pay for their education, and yet they have it, because their education is supposed to be a civic necessity. Here we perceive a divided principle, but with the energetic illogic of our race, we go for the end without bothering about the obstacles in the way. If it could be shown that the theatre was an essential part of education we should at once make it free and even obligatory; truant officers would be sent after the delinquents, and they would be made to show some good reason why they were not at the play.

But at its best the theatre is entertaining as well as instructive, and that is what confuses our thinking about it, when we consider it as a school. Because it is a delight we cannot realize that it is also one of the most potent influences for good or evil in our lives. Yet it is unquestionably so, and only less so than the novel itself, which, as Mr. Crawford made us observe, a little while ago, is only a kind of portable theatre. It has been called a school of morals, and the fact is not affected by the other fact that it is far oftener a school of immorals. It is both one and the other; but it is the fault, the shame, the crime of the state that theatre is ever a school of immorals. It should never be left wholly to private interest, as it now is, and permitted to teach, as it so often does by example if not by precept, infamous things, atrocious things.

If in any pulpit vice were preached by mockeries of purity and appeals to lubricity such as we are used to in the theatre; if lying were inculcated, and passion put above duty; if revenge were taught as something noble; if homicide were lightly invoked, and adultery treated as a comical affair: somehow the law would reach that pulpit, although the state professes to have no relation with the church. In like manner if in any private school or college the humanities were imparted by a chair devoted to the study of those authors whose work befouls literature, the law would somehow intervene to prevent the mischief, although the effect might be logically blamed as a socialistic meddling with private enterprise. The theatre, however, is left unmolested in almost any excess; ideas are enacted if not expressed there which are simply abominable. We all know it; we can prove it at any time; it is undeniable.

Yet there are moments of the stage so fine, so poignant to the conscience, and so cogent to the moral sense, that if they do not atone for all the evil it does, they are still most potently suggestive of the good it might do. But it can never do the good without doing the evil until it is frankly recognized as a factor in popular education, which continues its work life long, and teaches by the strongest appeals to the imagination, and to the unfading interest in human passions, human sorrows, human joys. It is, whatever we may say against it, the great school of morals, of the vital things beside which the knowledges of the text-books are not important, however important they are in themselves. It is, as I have said, the home of the earliest and loveliest of the arts, and because it is so it is the temple of the gravest and weightiest of the sciences. It is the place above all other places where man may be and should be taught to know himself; and yet a state like ours which professes to be more than any other mindful of the common interests, the common advantages, abandons this mighty agency to private greed, and practically forbids it to all who cannot pay the price that greed puts upon its benefits.

II.

Nobody blames the managers for wishing to make money out of the theatres; but the theatres should be no more a means of making money than the churches, the universities, the public schools. I know that this saying will be to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but unless we acknowledge its truth the theatre will never, with all its noble possibilities, be other than the ignoble thing it now is. I do not expect, or suppose that the theatres can all be put in the hands of the state at once. It would be quite enough for the present if there were but one public theatre, even in so great a city as this, where good plays could be well given at a price so low that all might see them, enjoy them and profit by them. But failing so small an advance in the direction of the highest education, we might still have a public control of the theatres centred in a Board or a Commission which should censure all plays to be performed and forbid those ethically or æsthetically bad. We already have a Commission which has lately refused a considerable work of art offered to the city because it was not a good work of art. But if it is urged that there is a main difference between rejecting an inadequate monument for a public park and forbidding the lessee of a theatre to make money out of a stupid or pestilent play, I have still to allege that we have a Board which censures the habitations of the citizens, which obliges landlords to make changes and betterments in their property, and which, when the conditions are hopelessly bad, orders buildings thrown down and destroyed.

No doubt the owners complain, but "the common-sense of most holds a fretful" self-interest in awe, and the public trusts implicitly in the judgments of the Board of Health. The Board of Education might fitly do a like office for the theatres; and if the Board as at present constituted were not fit for such an office it could easily be constituted so that it would be fit. At times it might err on the side of severity, but this would not be so regrettable as the error which is now all on the side of excess, of dulness, of lewdness.

III.

It will be said by the injudicious that the theatre is now what the people wish it to be, and that they have a right to buy what they wish, there as elsewhere. But the people do not suffer themselves to buy what they wish elsewhere, if they wish evil, and to say that they had a right to do so would be to justify every infernal license and abuse.

For my part I believe that the theatres are largely bad because the managers think the people want them so, and not because the people really want them so, or the managers want them so. The people take what they can get, and the managers give them quite empirically this thing or that. But if a good thing finds itself on the stage it prospers there far beyond the evil thing. The Old Homestead remained two or three years at one theatre in New York; Shore Acres is now in its third year, and the people are not weary of it. What vile play has held the stage so long as these charming and blameless things? What lewd opera of those called comic, has ever pleased so long as Gilbert's pieces, where neither song, nor dance, nor dialogue is ever indecent?

No, beloved, we are not so black as the fancy of the playwrights and the managers paints us. The worst of it is that now, with the cost of the seats so great as to be prohibitive, the theatre is cut off from the wholesome criticism of the best of the American public, for the best of the American public are people who earn their livings, and are of such small incomes that they cannot afford to pay the theatre prices. It is to luxury, to idleness, to surfeit, to ennui that the stage plays now, and strives to impart a new sensation.

With all our passion for the drama, the average American cannot go to the theatre. The average Frenchman can; the very poorest Frenchman can, for the French theatres are bound by their organic law, by their leave from the state to exist, to give once a week, or fortnight, or month, a *free* performance, which all may see who can get into the house. Imagine that! Actually, it is as if a poor cloakmaker or a street-sweeper could see a play by Irving or by Hare, or could find himself spectator in a good seat at a Shakespeare performance of Daly's, or a presentation of a Gilbert opera, or a drama of Mr. Herne's, or a play by Mr. Crane and his company. It is hardly imaginable, but it is true—in Paris.

If we had one public theatre, or the control of the theatres by the Board of Education, or if the Board of Education would authorize free monthly performances of good plays, as it now authorizes the delivery of free weekly lectures, the quality of the drama would at once improve. The pocket-power theatres could not then draw with plays morally and æsthetically inferior. The old bondage of the stage to what is worst in human nature would end, and we should have a free theatre speaking to the hearts and minds of a free people.

W. D. HOWELLS.

DYNAMITE GUNS FOR THE DEFENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A FEW of our larger sea-coast cities have been successful in securing a part of the heavy gun and mortar batteries necessary for their proper defence; but among these, only two, New York on our eastern and San Francisco on our western coast, have been so successful as to secure, fully mounted and ready for action, powerful pneumatic dynamite-gun batteries, each gun capable of hurling a projectile carrying 500 pounds of the most powerful explosive known to man, able to destroy any vessel of whatever type.

On the brow of one of the highest bluffs overlooking San Francisco Bay, and in full view of the "Golden Gate," has recently been placed a battery of three powerful dynamite guns, at a cost of about $250,000. The site selected for the battery lies between old Fort Point and Baker Beach, and has the sweep of nearly the entire bay of San Francisco.

The use of shell filled with gunpowder, designed to explode on striking its object, dates from the naval battle of Sinope in the Crimean war.

The appearance in the market of high explosives, such as dynamite, camphorated gelatine, guncotton, emensite, etc., quickly suggested the advantages of these very powerful explosives over powder for the explosive charge. It was soon discovered, however, that the extreme sensitiveness of these substances to sudden shock was a severe obstacle in the way of successfully using them in modern high-power guns and mortars. While the comparatively insensitive explosives, guncotton and emensite, have been successfully fired in shells from high-power guns and mortars in charges as high as 100 pounds, it is hopeless to expect to secure from these guns the destructive torpedo effect which would result from the detonation at or in the vicinity of an enemy's vessel of from 200 to 500 pounds of such a powerful explosive as dynamite or gelatine.

Captain Zalinski, of the United States artillery, advocated a system of gun construction in which the steady pressure of compressed air instead of the sudden force produced by powder gases should be utilized in propelling the shell from the gun. By this system the sudden pressure of 25,000 pounds per square inch on the base of the projectile while at the breech of the gun, which is generated in heavy gun and mortar firing, is reduced in pneumatic firing to 1000 pounds per square inch. But by the proper adjustment of the supply of compressed air this latter pressure is uniformly maintained on the base of the projectile throughout the entire length of the gun, thus giving a maximum velocity with a minimum shock to the shell and its contents of powerful explosive. Of late years this gun, now known as the pneumatic dynamite gun, has been developed and improved, until it has become a marvel of perfect and efficient workmanship, reflecting great credit on the officers and other experts who have devoted themselves to this subject.

The pneumatic dynamite-gun battery at San Francisco consists of three 15-inch guns, mounted on suitable carriages, which stand on revolving bases sunk four feet in strong concrete beds. Each gun, mounted on its proper carriage, without any of its accessories, weighs 43 tons. The great steel barrels of these guns are 52 feet in length, and are thus made in order to maintain the pressure on the projectile for the proper length of time necessary to give it its required energy in flight. These barrels are made in several sections, strongly riveted together. An important feature of this gun and its mounting is the fact that the gun can be traversed through 360 degrees, and thus be fired in any direction, and that the entire traversing and elevating of the gun are accomplished by one man, by means of electric power. For this purpose a small platform is placed on the left side of the gun-carriage, convenient for the manipulation of the two levers and one wheel which control all the movements and the firing of the gun. In large underground chambers, protected by thick concrete walls, are compressed-air reservoirs, which are connected directly with the guns. These are known as firing reservoirs, and consist of eight huge wrought-iron tubes disposed in two nests. These reservoirs hold, when charged, 680 cubic feet of air at a compression of 1000 pounds per square inch, and by the proper manipulation of the levers previously mentioned this compressed air, the quantity of which is controlled by a firing valve which is a marvel of ingenuity, is let into the breech of the gun, and forces the projectile forward at the required energy. A powerful compressor plant is located near the battery for the purpose of supplying to the firing reservoirs air at the required pressure.

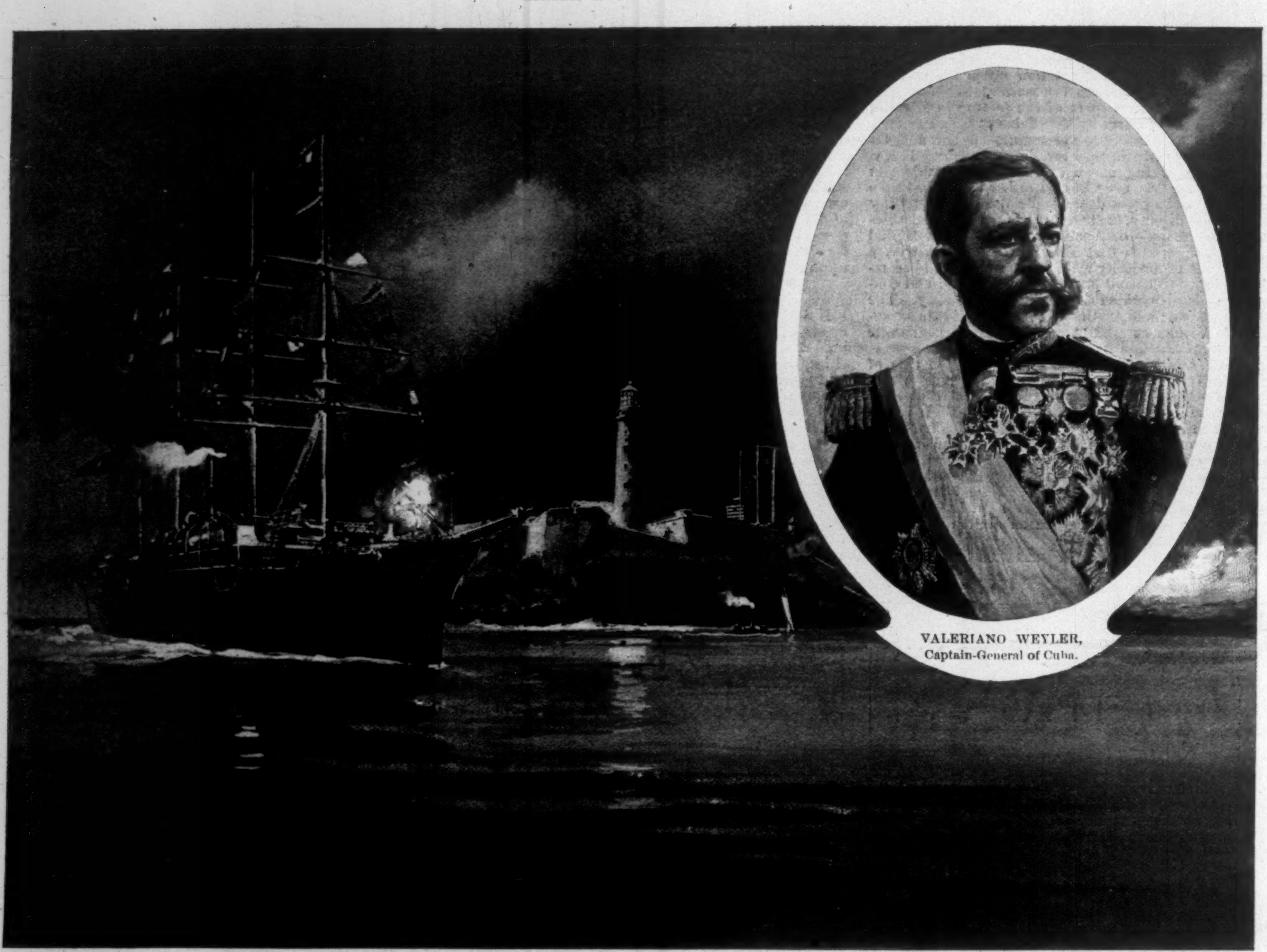
Three different-sized projectiles are fired from these 15-inch guns, suitable for carrying their respective charges. These are the 8-inch, which carries 100 pounds of gelatine, the 10-inch, which carries 200 pounds, and the 15-inch, which carries 500 pounds of the most powerful explosive known to exist, and which is the heaviest charge of high explosive that has thus far been successfully fired from any type of gun.

Unlike other modern ordnance, these high-explosive guns are smooth bore, and this is one of the many means which are taken to prevent the explosion of the projectile in the bore of the gun. The rotary motion of the projectile caused by the rifling would produce a friction between the heavy charge of gelatine and the interior surface of the projectile, and the resulting heat would cause immediate explosion in the bore of the gun. To secure this rotary motion, which is absolutely necessary for the steadiness of motion and accuracy of flight of the projectile, there is made to protrude from its base a long steel bar, at the end of which are attached thin metal blades or wings, eight in number, which, at the moment of leaving the muzzle of the gun, necessarily impart this required motion to the projectile. The total length of these heaviest projectiles is eleven feet.

In firings made with this type of gun for rapidity and accuracy the results have been most satisfactory. The dynamite gun, being of high-angle fire similar to the mortar, has at first every chance of striking the deck of the vessel, but, on falling short of this object aimed at, on striking the water it immediately shoots forward below the water-level and parallel with its surface, striking the vessel in one of its most vital points. An ingenious time fuse is attached to the point of the projectile, which causes it to explode at the moment of impact with the vessel, or at any required number of seconds after striking the water. For rapidity of fire these guns fulfil all requirements, as may be judged from a record of ten shots with 500-pound charged shell in 15 minutes 36¼ seconds; and for five shells similarly charged, 7 minutes 58 seconds. The extreme range of fire of the gun is about three miles.

Only seven of these pneumatic guns have thus far been manufactured for coast defence, six of which are owned by the United States and one by Great Britain, the latter being mounted at Shoeburyness.

FRANK HEATH, JUN.



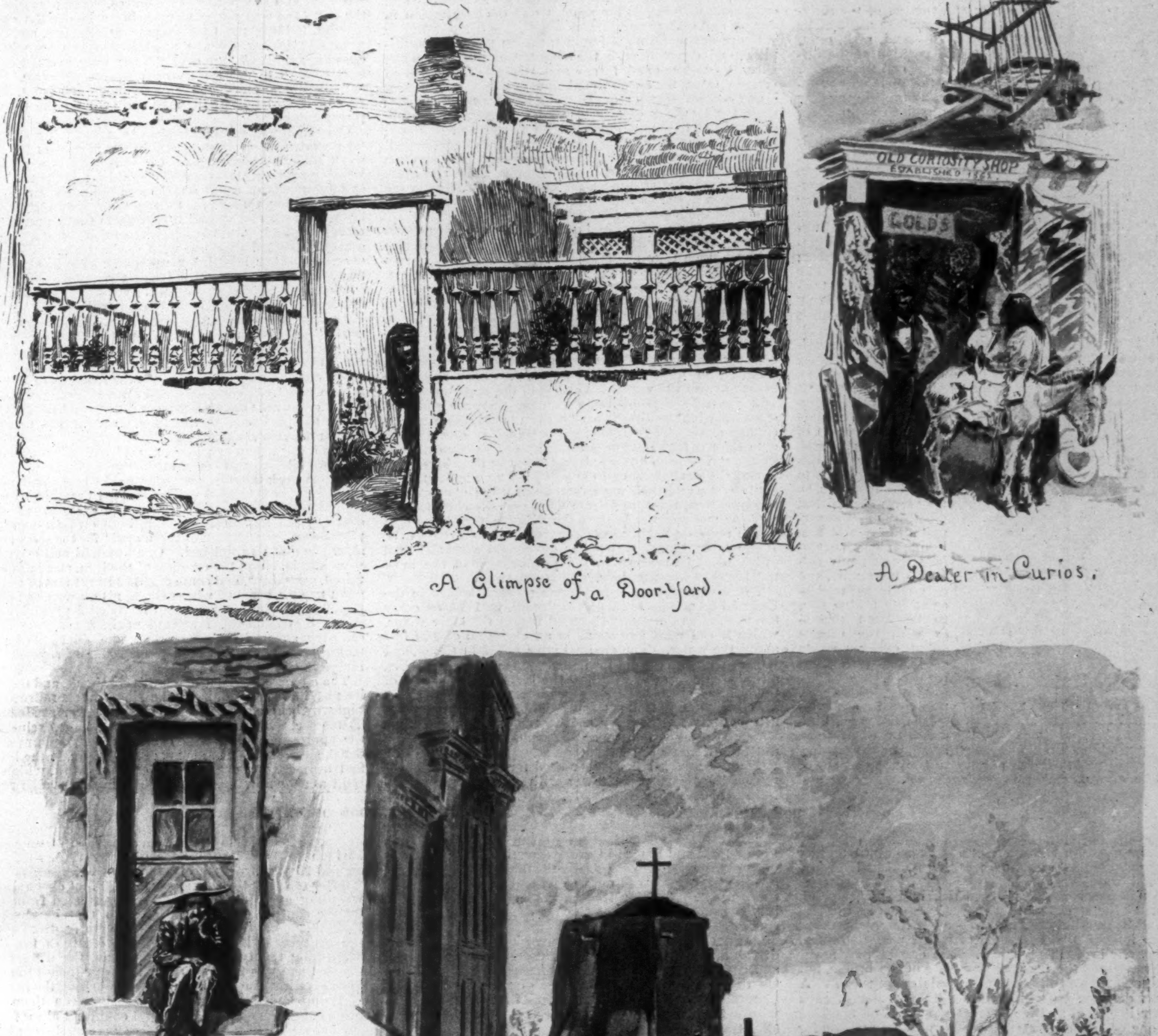
VALERIANO WEYLER,
Captain-General of Cuba.

THE "ALFONSO III," WITH GENERAL WEYLER ABOARD, ENTERING THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

The Figure with the widest Sash is General Weyler.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL WEYLER, ESCORTED BY THE CITY OFFICIALS, PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF HAVANA TO THE GOVERNMENT PALACE.

THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S ARRIVAL IN CUBA.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 198.]



SKETCHES IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 207.]

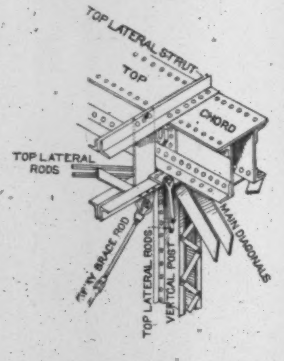
HOW LONG AND LOFTY BRIDGES ARE BUILT.

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

FIRST the road and the river are carefully surveyed, and the most suitable or practicable crossing determined; the surface of the river-bottom is measured, and drawings made of its irregularities; the material—sand, rock, mud, earth, or gravel—and the depth and position of the different strata are determined by borings, and the number and position of spans chosen so that the piers will be located where they will not unnecessarily impede the flow of the river or obstruct navigation, and so as to avoid treacherous or deep foundations.

The number and character of them are fixed so that their total cost shall not exceed that of the metal superstructure, whose weight (and consequently cost) increases much more rapidly than the length of spans, and is practically prohibitive beyond about 550 feet. Only six railroad-bridge spans have ever yet been completed much longer than that, viz., the Forth Bridge, in Scotland, 1710 feet; Sukkur, in India, 820 feet; Viaur, in France, 820 feet; Memphis, Tennessee, 790 feet; Red Rock, Arkansas, 660 feet; and the Niagara Falls Suspension-Bridge, 820 feet. The Brooklyn Bridge, 1595 feet span, is only for highway traffic, and there are some other long suspension roadway bridges, but no arch or trussed ones as much as 600 feet long.

In this country the members of a bridge are very seldom fitted together at all before they leave the shops, and the whole bridge is never completely assembled there. On the contrary, the contractor building the bridge, if it is a large one and hurried, probably classifies the different sorts of materials it contains, and orders the exact number of bars of steel of given lengths from five or ten different rolling-mills in several States; then he may have the finished members made at several different remote bridge shops, examined by as many different inspectors, and only collected together at the bridge site, to be fitted together with the utmost speed, under penalty of heavy forfeitures for delay.



CHARACTERISTIC JOINT OF A BRIDGE TRUSS.

At the bridge site, perhaps in a mountain wilderness, hundreds of miles from any town or machine-shop, the parts of the bridge are received by the dozens of car-loads, great heaps of huge girders, columns, rods, and boxes of rivets, that when the erector arrives may have been stacked up indiscriminately in tall piles in narrow spaces a mile away. Here is his bridge; there are the narrow masonry piers and abutments, rising high and naked, hundreds of feet apart, out of a roaring current, or perhaps where the bottom is of jagged rocks or interminable mud or quicksand.

The problem is merely to span the chasm with a solid, self-sustaining structure that may weigh over a thousand tons and be two hundred feet above the water, composed of huge inflexible pieces, some of which weigh as much as a heavily loaded freight car. The erector may never before have seen the place or any piece of the bridge, but is equipped with a full set of principal drawings of it. A skeleton diagram on which the length and size of each member is given, and a systematic method of marking gives one or two characteristic letters and a number for each member corresponding with the same letters and numbers painted* on the piece itself before it left the shop, and identifying it on invoice and in the field. He has plenty of timber and iron bolts, a steam hoisting-engine, car-loads of ropes and pulley-blocks, hydraulic jacks, a blacksmith's and carpenter's outfit and other hand tools, and from ten to fifty skilled men, and with them he habitually accomplishes results that are second to none among great ancient or modern constructions, and that would be almost incredible but for their familiar frequency.

One of two distinct methods are generally used for erecting great bridges that are not suspension-bridges. The most ordinary is first to build a temporary wooden platform or "false-work" just high enough to receive the lower side of the bridge which is assembled upon it, connected up to be self-sustaining, whereupon the false-work is removed.

The other and characteristically American or cantilever method requires no false-work under the main span, which is built out piece by piece from each end, free of all support, until the approaching sides meet and are connected in the middle, like two beams pushed out over opposite walls. Of course the beams must be heavy enough not to overbalance, and similarly the bridge must be anchored, which is usually effected by extending the trusses beyond each end of the main span and securing their extremities to the supporting heavy masonry piers before commencing to build out the overhanging arms.

Either method requires the use of powerful, easily moved derricks to handle the truss members, to lift, and to arrange them. These are called travellers, and their different forms and operations, and the construction and design of false-work under difficult and unusual conditions, afford as much interest as the exceptional methods employed in peculiar cases, and occasional schemes for making an old bridge do duty in supporting the new one while it is being constructed to replace it.

Bridge erection more than any other field construction affords opportunity for and necessitates the adoption of ingenious scientific and mechanical expedients for the solution of difficult problems, and requires a fertility of invention and confidence of resource as well as accurate and competent deductions for prompt and decisive action in danger and emergency.

Enormous mechanical forces must be provided, multiplied, and directed with the simplest appliances, while natural or developed forces and strains of millions of pounds must be encountered and opposed or avoided. Exact measurements must be made in inaccessible places; huge rigid masses of steel must be temporarily sprung or adjusted and manipulated with power and delicacy; inaccuracies of construction must sometimes be remedied.

Exposed, incomplete, and temporary construction must withstand the fury of flood and tempest, while too often the erector is not free to do the safest thing, but must try to cheapen it, to risk this and that, to balance chances, and to choose the least of evils.

Exact data, drawings, and compilations and test records are usually preserved and available of modern important bridges, since they are indispensable for their construction. Photographs of the completed structure, too, can always be readily secured, but drawings, photographs, and accurate descriptions of the processes of erection in the field, and especially of the false-work and travellers, are much more difficult to obtain. Indeed, it is often impossible to secure them immediately after the completion of the work, because they may have existed only as rough sketches on loose scraps of paper, or even have been evolved from the verbal directions of the superintendent, who generally depends largely on his presence and constant oversight to direct operations and field constructions as they arise. The explanation is therefore due that the data for the following descriptions were mostly collected by the writer from a few existing working drawings, from personal descriptions and explanations by the engineers, contractors, and their superintendents, from photographs received from them, and from notes and sketches made in visits to many of the bridges described, a very large part of the material having been secured in the service of the *Engineering Record*, which has developed a special field of technical journalism in the presentation of the most notable field constructions.

The first very long trussed-span railroad bridge in the United States was built at Cincinnati, in 1877, to carry the Cincinnati Southern Railroad across the Ohio River, which it did with five spans at an elevation of 150 feet above the water. The channel span is 519 feet long, and was erected with the old-fashioned "top false-work,"—*i. e.*, a timber platform was built at the level of the bottom of the bridge to receive its lower members, and upon this, as a floor, another platform the height of the truss, about fifty or sixty feet, was built along the entire length upon which to arrange the upper pieces and to support them until the whole was finished.

Top false-work is no longer used for such work, but is replaced by a movable tower with numerous powerful hoists, that runs on the lower or main false-work from end to end, generally astride of and clear of the iron-work, which it hoists, assembles, and sustains several pieces at a time, until they are permanently connected into a section that is rigid and braced in every direction to stand firmly on the main platform. Usually the tower, which is called a traveller, commences at one end and backs away from the work as it finishes it until it reaches the other end, but it may commence at the middle and work to one end.

Ordinarily for the main frame-work rows of piles are driven across the river, cut off square above low water, and capped with heavy timbers crossways to the bridge. On these caps framed timber bents or trestles in one or more stories are erected to a proper height, and covered with a floor suitable to receive the iron-work and traveller track, together with a railroad track to receive cars of bridge iron from the shore.

In the case of the Cincinnati Bridge, as in many subsequent Ohio and Mississippi River bridges, the erection was attended with misfortunes. The river is subject to sudden and violent floods, which may raise the water-level as much as 62 feet at this point. After the false-work of this channel span was built it was washed out by a flood, again rebuilt, and again destroyed, and finally built a third time before the bridge was safely completed, at a heavy cost.

The bridge across the Ohio at Wheeling, West Virginia, has a channel span of 525 feet, for which the false-work and traveller were in readiness, and several hundred tons of iron for the floor system had been distributed along the top of the false-work, and the traveller had begun to erect the truss, when the river commenced to rise rapidly, and the men hastened to remove the engines and most valuable tools, but were soon driven away by the danger occasioned by the damming up of great quantities of drift-wood, etc., against the false-work, which probably obstructed the current so much that it scoured out the bottom in which the piles were driven. Every effort was made to dislodge the drift, and great hawsers were fastened to the false-work to secure it, but it trembled and shook, and finally went down with a great crash.

Most of the timber and all of the iron were recovered, and the false-work replaced, and the span finally erected upon it. Such accidents are not uncommon, and by dint of the most strenuous efforts night and day more than one great span has been finished, while the water was rising rapidly, just in time to be swung clear of the false-work before it was washed out.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge* across the Hudson River has several very long and high spans. The lower picture shows the first span (an intermediate one about 550 feet long) when two-thirds erected, the traveller and false-work being as handsome and imposing as were ever constructed. Here the river-bottom was composed of very deep soft mud extending beyond the bottoms of the longest piles, which were cut off square after being driven 60 feet. Other long piles were then spliced to the tops of them and driven 60 feet further; then their tops were thoroughly braced together, capped a few feet above the water, and a magnificent five-storied false-work 130 feet high built on top of them. On top of this structure the four great frames or bents of the traveller, itself over 100 feet high, were built flatwise, then with great skill successively revolved around the fastened lower edges into vertical positions and secured by cross-braces. The operation for the first bent was not unlike placing a ladder flat on the ground, holding the foot to prevent slipping, and then gradually lifting the top up, but it was done with an enormous timber frame over 100 feet long, and not nearly stiff enough to sustain its own weight sidewise. The superintendent stood at the most dangerous point, at the foot of it, and one of the men rode up on the topmost piece.

Over each pier small derricks or shears for handling the false-work timber are seen, and in the middle of the iron-work some engines that from a fixed point operated the hoisting-ropes in the successive positions of the traveller, and by means of ropes attached to the traveller carried around pulleys fastened to the floor in advance, and brought back and wound up on their drums, pulled the traveller ahead. Just to the right of these engines is seen a small elevated platform with engine boiler, pump, furnace, and other machinery upon it. This is a riveting traveller that ran on a track inside the large traveller, and carried on a revolving platform hydraulic machinery for driving the rivets.

After this first span was completed its false-work was removed, as shown in the other picture, and a new traveller built on top of it that had one end overhanging beyond the left-hand end of the bridge, and enabled it to build out the adjacent or cantilever span piece by piece until a panel was completed and self-sustaining, when the traveller moved further out upon it and built another, and so on to the centre of the span, where it was met by a similar traveller working out from the left-hand shore, where a fixed span or "anchor arm" had previously been built on false-work to sustain the overhanging weight.

In this work the steel was delivered by boats underneath the bridge, and hoisted and assembled together as used, usually at one operation. There are three intermediate spans of 525 feet each that were built on false-work, the piles being pulled up and driven again for the second span after the first was finished. One hundred and forty men were employed on the erection of the iron, and in one day raised, assembled, and connected 108 lineal feet of the two great trusses, some of whose single pieces weighed 68,000 pounds. Their working outfit included 2 pile-drivers, 14 scows, 3 steamboats, 1 steam-launch, 3 multiple and 5 ordinary steam hoisting engines, and 40 sets of triple tackle, each with 2500 feet of best Manila rope about 5 inches in circumference.

The longest trussed span on this continent, and the third longest in the world, is in the single-track railroad and highway bridge across the Mississippi River at Memphis, Tennessee, which is nearly half a mile long exclusive of the approach, and weighs over 16,000,000 pounds. Its 5,000,000-pound central span, 621 feet long, is the longest and heaviest one ever erected on false-work, which was built as shown in the picture. The huge traveller ran on four lines of rails 200 feet above the water, while the platform which supported it and the iron-work was composed of 20 parallel horizontal lines of heavy stringers carried by transverse trestle bents, each composed of nine 12 by 12 inch posts built up from a heavy timber sill that capped 18 piles from 90 to 100 feet long.

After erecting the side spans the 790-foot channel span, weighing over 5,866,000 pounds, was erected from them by the cantilever method, similar to that employed at Poughkeepsie. When the erectors were ready to put in the last piece of bottom chord at the centre of the truss, connecting the two approaching ends, the distance between them was found to be about four inches too short to receive it. The usual devices for adjusting the positions of the end pieces and the distance between them were provided at the east end only, and could not allow for any further movement. If a new piece were made four inches shorter it would be four inches too short when the bridge was finished. It was calculated that the bridge must first be raised up three feet higher in the centre, archwise, to receive certain strains and release the interfering members, therefore the adjacent spans were heavily loaded to throw this one up, steam-pipe was laid in the top chord to expand and spring it up, and a toggle-joint formed of heavy steel bars placed at the centre still further to shorten the troublesome joint. The most powerful tackle was applied, and finally, after twelve days of critical delay, all the devices operating together raised the enormous span bodily, from within itself, apparently like a man lifting himself by his boot straps. When the bridge was high enough the pressure on certain portions was relieved, and enabled some blocks to be removed that permitted the whole structure to be easily lowered again beyond its original position until the distance between the end pieces became just right to receive the connecting link, and its insertion completed the truss, and signalized one of the most brilliant feats a bridge-erector ever accomplished.

The 360-foot span of the Winona Bridge across the Mississippi was erected cantilever fashion by a peculiar tower-shaped traveller, which was jointed so that it could be adjusted to conform to the different angles of the inclined trusses. The hoisting-engine was raised from a boat below in the ingenious manner shown in the picture. Four tackles were attached to the top of the traveller and to the frame of the engine, one at each corner. Then the hoist-lines of these tackles were brought down and all evenly wound up by an engine on the boat below, and as the tackles were thus pulled up the attached engine was steadily raised till it could be lowered upon beams thrust under it on the bridge floor.

At Poughkeepsie and elsewhere a hoisting-engine has been similarly raised, except that the tackles were wound upon its *own* drums, thus making it hoist itself and the five men that operated it and rode up on it.

Sometimes two cantilever arms are built out simultaneously from a centre pier, thus balancing themselves, as was done with one end of each of the two 408-foot channel spans of the Lachine Bridge over the St. Lawrence River.

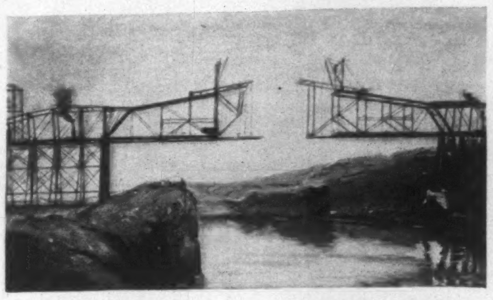
Another illustration of cantilever erection is of the railroad bridge across the St. John River, New Brunswick, Canada, where a span 477 feet long was built out over a very deep swift current in which the tide-level rose and fell 30 feet twice a day, and it was impracticable to build false-work there, which would have required to be 96 feet high above low water.

The Columbia River Bridge comprised a 416-foot span

* An old erector was shipping three bridges to different parts in South America, and expecting the pieces would be inevitably mixed up in the hold of the vessel, he added to its mark a red cross for every piece belonging to one bridge, a green one for the second bridge, and a yellow one for the third, explaining, "Now when the erector who goes with this wants those stupid foreigners to pick out a certain bridge he has only to say, 'Here, you black rascals, bring every one of those red sons-of-guns,' or, 'Hustle out those little yellow fellows,' or, 'Freeze on to every last green one,' and the trick is done."

* These pictures and others are made from photographs secured through the kindness of the *Engineering Record*.

high above the channel, which was 130 feet deep at low water, making it imperative that it should be built without false-work. False-works 60 feet and 100 feet high were therefore built at each end of the main span, and on each of them was erected bottom side up one-half of a 250-foot span, intended to be permanently placed at the left end of the bridge. On the shore ends of these trusses were placed 400-ton piles of steel rails, thus forming anchored arms by which the ends of the main truss were sustained while being built out to connect at the centre as shown. After the main span was completed the auxiliary half-spans were taken down and re-erected together in proper position on the false-work at the left end of the bridge.



ERECTION OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER BRIDGE.

The largest bridge spans in the world, two of 1710 feet each of the Forth Bridge, in Scotland, contain each over 28,000,000 pounds of steel, and were built simultaneously out, as shown in the picture, as balanced cantilevers from each side of the central tower 330 feet high. The tower posts were steel tubes, built piece by piece of separate plates assembled and riveted together on the spot, and handled by derricks on huge girders that reached across their tops and were jacked up as the tower itself progressed. The main top and bottom truss members or chords built out from the tower were stiff enough to be self-sustaining for a distance of 100 feet, where they were joined to the intersecting diagonals, and with them formed sections of the truss successively self-supporting to the last connection. The top chord was extended in 24-foot sections, handled by an overhanging traveller running on top of it, as shown at the right-hand upper corner of the picture. The great lower chords, also 12-foot tubes, were built by means of an enclosing sleeve or frame 20 feet square, which carried riveting machinery, derricks, etc., and was made in several detachable lengths, the rear one of which was, as the chord piece grew, from time to time removed and fastened on in front.

The work was notable for its characteristically English design and methods of construction as well as for its enormous cost and unprecedented magnitude, which is indicated in the picture by the extremely minute size of the men who, in the original photograph, are seen standing all over the work, but have become reduced to invisibility in the smaller engraving of it here shown The picture shows only one of the piers and a small part of the finished bridge. The multitude of derricks, travellers, scaffolds, and swinging platforms were of course removed upon the completion of the work.

Sometimes stiff girders are shipped whole and completely finished from the shops loaded on one, two, three, or even four cars. A pair of 70-foot plate girders, weighing perhaps 60,000 pounds, have been carried across a river on an old bridge, and unloaded from the cars directly above the position they were to finally occupy in replacing the old ones. Choosing a time when a few hours' interval could be secured between trains, the track was removed from the old bridge, and the new girders lowered just inside the old ones to the same level by hydraulic jacks that let them down as the crib-work of timbers at the ends which supported them was removed piece by piece. Then the old trusses were quickly torn out, the new girders slid horizontally on greased rails into their places, the floor beams, stringers, and braces bolted up, and track rapidly restored for traffic, after which the bolts were safely replaced at leisure by rivets.

Where there is no existing bridge to carry the new one across upon, a common way of erecting a stiff girder span that is not too long or heavy is by a single tall pole, called a gin pole, secured by four strong guy-ropes at the top, and carrying a tackle with which the girder is lifted bodily and swung at once into place. In the picture the girders have been received on the two platform-cars, and a locomotive engine beyond the caboose-car in the background has been attached to the fall rope of the tackle, and by pulling it out through a pulley-block at the foot of the pole is hoisting the girder while the men are steadying and swinging it by tag-lines, well pleased to be relieved of hard work at the windlasses, or "crabs," as the hand hoists are called.

Arch bridges are necessarily almost always erected on false-work that forms a scaffold for the curved under surface, though a notable exception exists in the famous Eads bridge across the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, whose 537 and 552 foot spans, composed of four arches whose lower chords were made of barrel-like steel tubes 18 inches in diameter and 12 feet long, were projected simultaneously both sides of the piers, cantileverwise, and sustained by guy-ropes from temporary oak towers that were raised and lowered bodily by powerful hydraulic mechanism to adjust the ends for connection at the centre. When, however, the last piece forming the arch key was reached the space was too short for it, and was made longer by packing the two great arcs of steel in ice and causing the metal to contract.

A recent highway bridge across the Mississippi, at Minneapolis, contains two 456-foot arches 90 feet high, and weighs 1000 tons. The picture of it is illustrative of the usual type of erection. In the foreground span everything below the arch is temporary timber false-work, and everything above it is permanent iron construction, except the traveller which handled the pieces of iron, assembled them in advance of itself to build its own platform, upon which it constantly moved forward with the long frame-work overhanging to command always a panel or two in advance. The arch in the background is completed and its false-work removed and set up again for the second span.

The Washington Arch, across the Harlem River at High Bridge, consists of two 510-foot spans, each composed of six steel plate girder arch ribs built in sections 12 to 15 feet long and 8 feet high that correspond exactly to the stones in an arch ring. They were lifted by one derrick to a horizontal platform alongside the bridge, and there carried on cars to the required position, whence they were hoisted by special travellers that ran on top of the arches, and were adjustable to its different slopes. As seen in the picture, the channel false-work contained a large opening for navigation which was bridged by a span that carried the false-work and steel above. While this bridge was being erected a man fell from a height of 95 feet from it, striking head first, and penetrating beyond his shoulders into the soft mud, from which he was safely extricated comparatively uninjured.

Sometimes when the trusses possess sufficient stiffness to resist the abnormal strains developed, the first two spans of a long bridge are assembled complete on the shore at one end of the bridge, connected together, and pushed out over the abutment till they meet, and are supported upon the first pier; then another span is connected on at the rear, and all these are moved forward until the first one reaches the second pier, and so on until finally the first span has crossed the whole width of the river and reached its final position on the last abutment.

This method is more practised abroad than here. One instance was that of the 1200-foot Sumière Viaduct in France, whose five spans were built in successive 100-foot sections, and protruded over the piers and temporary towers midway between them, until finally the entire mass, weighing 2,200,000 pounds, was landed in position at the seventh step. This erection, however, occupied sixteen months, which is more than five times as long as would be required in this country.

Another example of this method of erection is the Birriz Viaduct, Costa Rica, where four 156-foot spans were rolled into position from one end of the crossing. The forward end, however, was equipped with a frame-work or pilot 54 feet long that was temporarily fastened to it to facilitate the launching and diminish the strains.

In this country viaducts are usually erected by a traveller that runs on top of the completed structure and with an arm that overhangs more than a span's length in advance of the last tower, assembles the next tower, and placing the span bodily upon it, moves forward across it, and repeats the operation. A most notable example of this is in the Pecos Viaduct, Texas, that is 328 feet high, said to be the third highest in the world. It was erected by a traveller that overhung the work 124 feet, an unprecedented length. It was clamped to the girders on which it rested, and was besides anchored by a 50,000-pound counterweight at the rear end to enable it to lift its maximum loads of 22,000 pounds for each of the 65-foot girders. The highest tower was erected in about six days.

A precisely opposite method was used in building the famous Kinzua Viaduct in Pennsylvania. It is somewhat similar to the Pecos Viaduct in appearance, and its towers, 301 feet high, were built up from the bottom without any false-work or traveller. As fast as a section was added to the posts heavy timbers were lashed on to them, projecting far enough above them to enable them to lift the succeeding lengths and hold them while they were riveted on to the tops of the last ones, where they, in their turn, received the derricks, and so on to the upper sections, which, with the connecting spans, were erected by a travelling derrick on top.

The Rock Creek Viaduct, in Washington, D. C., is nearly 140 feet high, and its 135-foot spans were erected by a small traveller, with a short overhang, that first erected a temporary wooden tower as far away as possible, then placed one-third sections of the truss upon it, and moved forward upon them, built another tower, set the second thirds of the trusses upon it, and finally proceeding to the ends, riveted the last sections, after which, of course, the towers were removed.

Large bridges have been raised and lowered by pumping water in and out of boats upon which they were temporarily supported, and in several instances have been floated long distances on towers built on barges. The Hawkesbury Bridge, in Australia, the Hoogly Bridge, in India, the Britannia Bridge, in England, the Coteau Bridge, in Canada, and the Brunot's Island Connecting Bridge, in Pennsylvania, are notable examples of this method.

In the case of the Brunot's Island Bridge, across the Ohio River, the 525-foot channel span, weighing 1,800,000 pounds, was completely erected at a height of nearly 100 feet above the water on piles driven near the shore several hundred feet from its required position. Nine coal-barges nearly full of water were then placed underneath it, and, being pumped out, rose and lifted high false-work, bridge, and all clear of the supporting piles, and were towed upstream by steamboats and tugs, and safely deposited their top-heavy burden on its tall piers.

The Coteau Bridge, across the St. Lawrence River, included ten 217-foot spans and four 223-foot spans, all of which were erected on a high false-work three miles above their piers, and, when completed, were skidded off upon towers built on the decks of two pontoons, braced together seventy feet apart, and floated down on a seven-mile current, and placed in the required position as shown in the picture.

Although in this country as much as possible of the erection work is done by steam-power, a great deal must be done by hand, and is of a very severe and laborious nature. Framing and handling heavy timber, loading and unloading the steel, assembling it in place on the false-work and at the connections, hammer-work, and riveting are the most important kinds, and it is remarkable with what force and accuracy a man will swing a heavy two-handed sledge while standing on a narrow plank projecting from a high false-work.

On important work as many of the rivets as possible are often driven by hydraulic or pneumatic machines, but always some, and often many, must be driven by hand, and form an important item, especially when they are of steel, very long and thick, such as would require a pressure of 50,000 to 80,000 pounds in a machine. They are heated almost white hot in portable forges, then carried singly in a pair of tongs as near as convenient to the riveting gang, and thrown perhaps twenty to fifty feet up to them. One of the men catches them in a small keg or bucket and puts them in the hole, where two men drive them with alternate rapid blows of heavy long-handled hammers called flogging hammers.

While the railroad suspension bridge of Niagara Falls was being rebuilt a few years ago a man was running along the top chord with a hot rivet; the chord, which was about twenty inches wide and smeared with oil, overhung the rapids 240 feet below, and when he slipped upon it he instantly threw himself flat on his face as he fell, and grasping the chord with both arms and legs stuck safely to it, got up, carried the rivet to its destination before it cooled, helped drive it, walked ashore, and was faint and trembling for nearly an hour afterwards.

Usually bridge men have abundant nerve and pluck, as was the case of a man who fell from a great height when building the Point Bridge in Pittsburg. After falling several feet he caught a rope in mid-air, and clinging to it, slipped along down a considerable distance, until finally he arrested himself, though not until the flesh was torn from his hands to the bone, notwithstanding which he resolutely climbed up hand over hand to the top of the rope and safely regained the false-work.

An accident that despite its serious nature was absurdly comical was once witnessed by the writer at the erection of a bridge in Ohio. The end post of a bridge is frequently inclined a little from the vertical so as to make an angle steeper than that of the sharpest roof, and it is not an uncommon practice among bridge men to grasp it with both hands and bending the knees and drawing the feet well up under the body, to walk up it on all fours, as it were, to the top of the bridge. One awkward, blundering fellow idiotically essayed to come down in the same way, and he did, with a difference, by the long run. He lost his hold and fell before he had descended two feet; but instead of falling straight down the forty or fifty feet to the abutment masonry below, he coiled up like a caterpillar, and rolled neck and heels half-way down the steep post, then sprawled off the side and dropped vertically, striking on a rope that was very tightly stretched horizontally a couple of feet above the ground; from it he bounded five feet up in the air, and instead of dropping gently on the ground alongside, diverged enough to clear the masonry and to fall another twenty feet upon a pile of loose stones at the water's edge. When his companions reached him he had recovered his feet and a very forcible vocabulary; and in less than a week resumed his duties on the bridge.

In going aloft it is necessary to climb up either on the iron-work itself, on a ladder, or on cleats spiked to the false-work timbers, and it is hard work to carry your own weight alone 200 feet high. If done in one minute (about half the speed of ordinary walking, and the person weighed 165 pounds) it would require the exercise of exactly one horse-power of mechanical force. Coming down, however, is much easier, and the old bridge man rarely climbs then. If a tackle is suspended near and is jammed up tight (*i.e.*, the lower block and hook pulled up close to the upper block), he will step on the lower block, and grasping the fixed part of the rope with one hand, ride safely down, as the tackle overhauls—*i.e.*, as the loose "fall" rope spins over the pulleys and lets them separate, checked only by the friction and stiffness of the rope. Another universal way of descending is by any single line which is wound once or twice around one leg and gripped between the hollows of the feet. This method is also safe and easy, and allows one to go fast or slow or stop at will.

Accidents occurring to single individuals are often not the fault of the victim, who is frequently injured by an article dropped by somebody else, or knocked off from the work by some carelessness. An experienced bridge erector seldom falls from a great height through dizziness or missteps, but may do so by the tipping of a loose plank. Only a few great accidents involving large loss of life and limb have occurred in bridge erection in this country. The most calamitous of them was on June 15, 1892, when one of the most experienced and able bridge-erecting firms in this or any other country, notably careful, cool, and prudent men, were building a 360-foot span over the Licking River, near Covington, Kentucky. Forty men were busy on the false-work, upon which about 200,000 pounds of iron had been assembled, when the whole structure suddenly collapsed, and in a moment was a chaotic mass of shattered timber and large pieces of broken and twisted iron in the bottom of the river. Thirty men, including two of the contractors in charge, were killed outright.

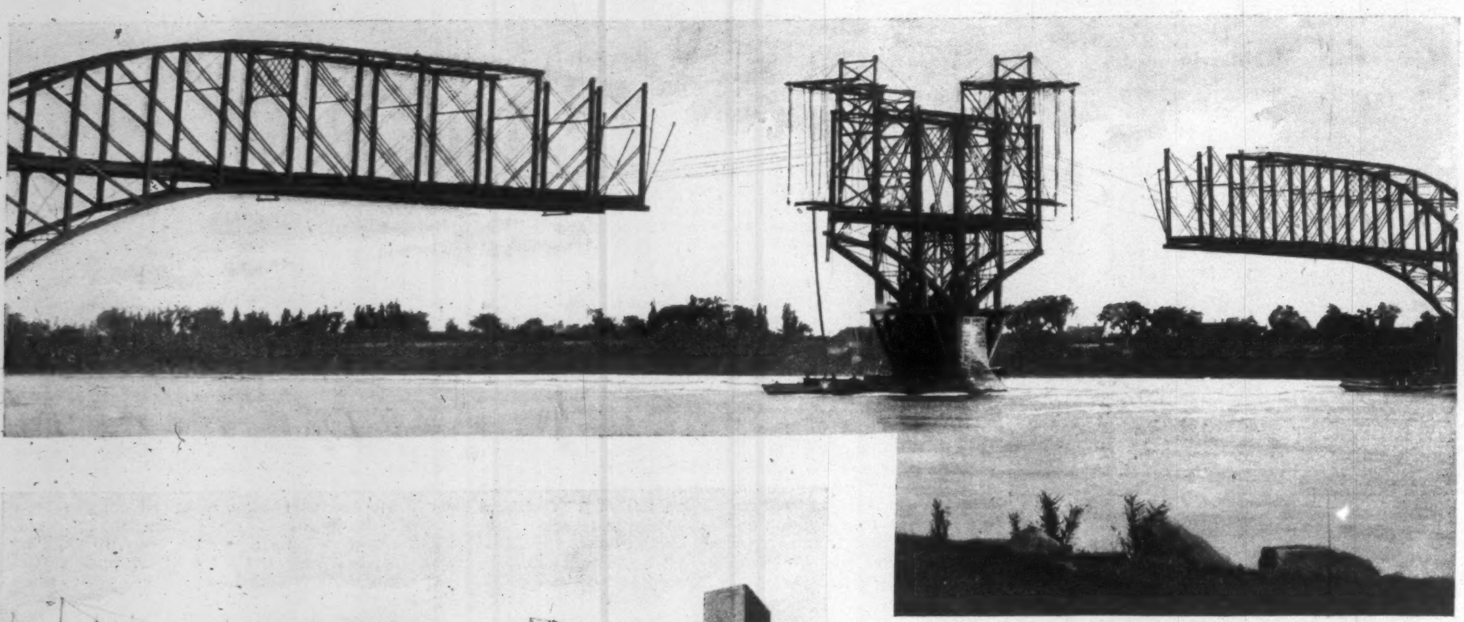
For a long time the cause of the disaster was undetermined, and many more or less unsatisfactory theories were advanced; that the bracing was insufficient, that the piles had been undermined by the flood, etc.; but it was finally stated, and is probably true, that a tackle broke and dropped a large chord piece weighing many tons several feet upon the false-work, knocking out some of it and dragging the rest down with it.

Bridge erection is a laborious, exacting calling, but exceeded by none other in the magnitude of its undertakings and the courage and resourcefulness demanded. Technical skill and professional training are valuable advantages for this work, but among its ablest leaders are practical men with no mathematical, scientific, or academic education, to whose skill and wisdom and genius the development of this great branch of engineering is largely due.

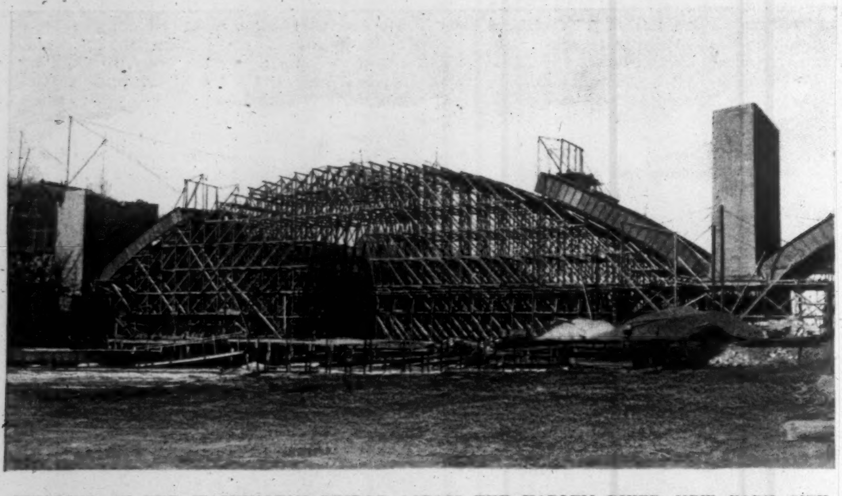
No other calling demands greater experience, courage, good judgment, and personal endurance than that displayed by the leaders and skilled workmen in bridge erection. They must construct the loftiest and most difficult scaffolds solely by their own resources, often in remote and dangerous positions, and upon them must handle and perfectly adjust heavy girders and huge chords, etc., weighing perhaps 100,000 pounds, while subject to constant peril of destruction by storm and flood, or they must build great trusses in the very path of frequent express trains without impeding their progress or prejudicing their safety.

Under such trying circumstances their work is accomplished with a rapidity and accuracy exceeding that in some comfortable and well-equipped shops, and the great address and faithfulness, general integrity and reliability that they exhibit in their difficult tasks bring them into deserved prominence among constructive workmen.

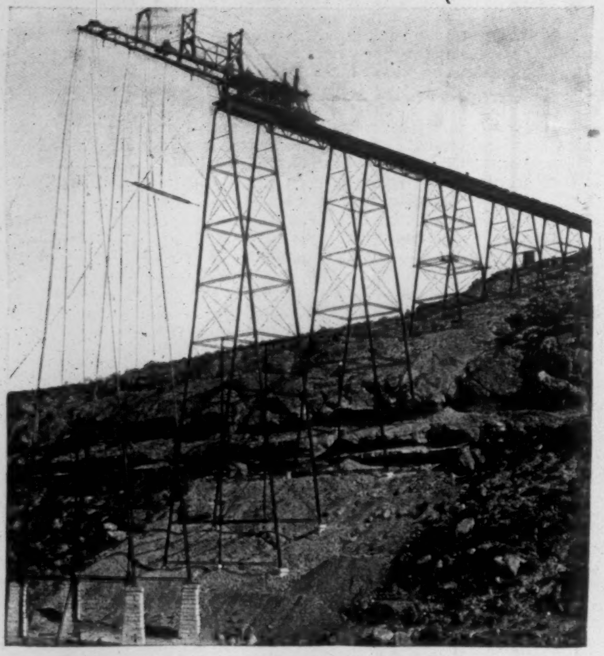
These men are characteristic of our grand nation. Keeping pace with the unparalleled creations of this generation of bridge designers, they have applied no ordinary engineering skill to the devising and execution of erection methods, whose success is attested by scores of monumental constructions and the absence of many great disasters.



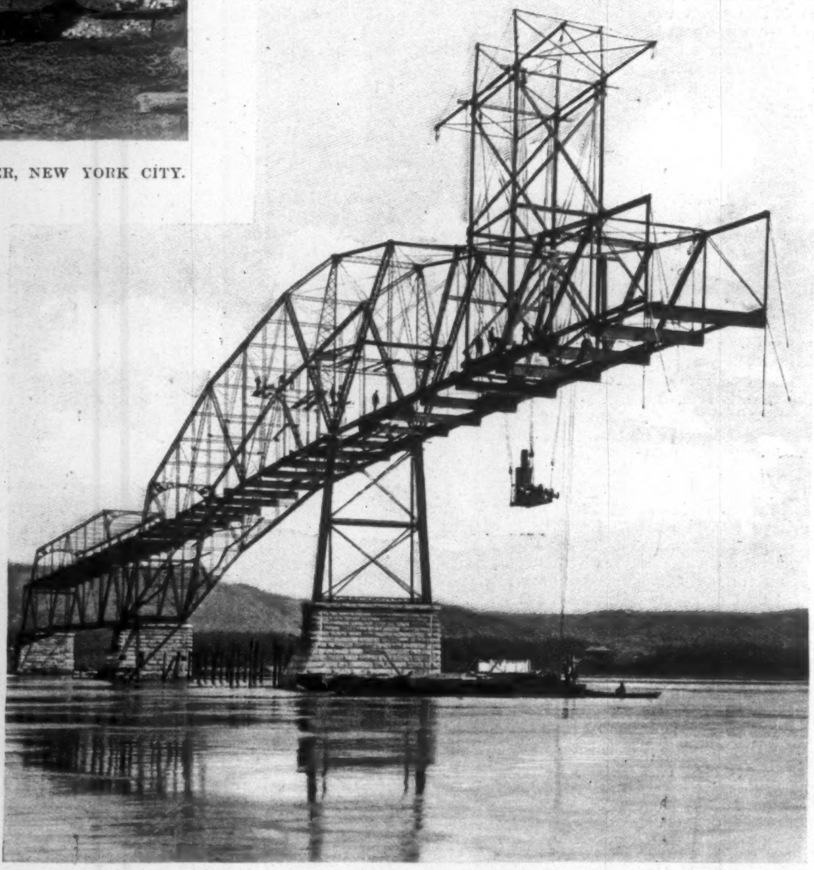
CONSTRUCTING THE STEEL BRIDGE ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT LACHINE.



BUILDING OF THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.



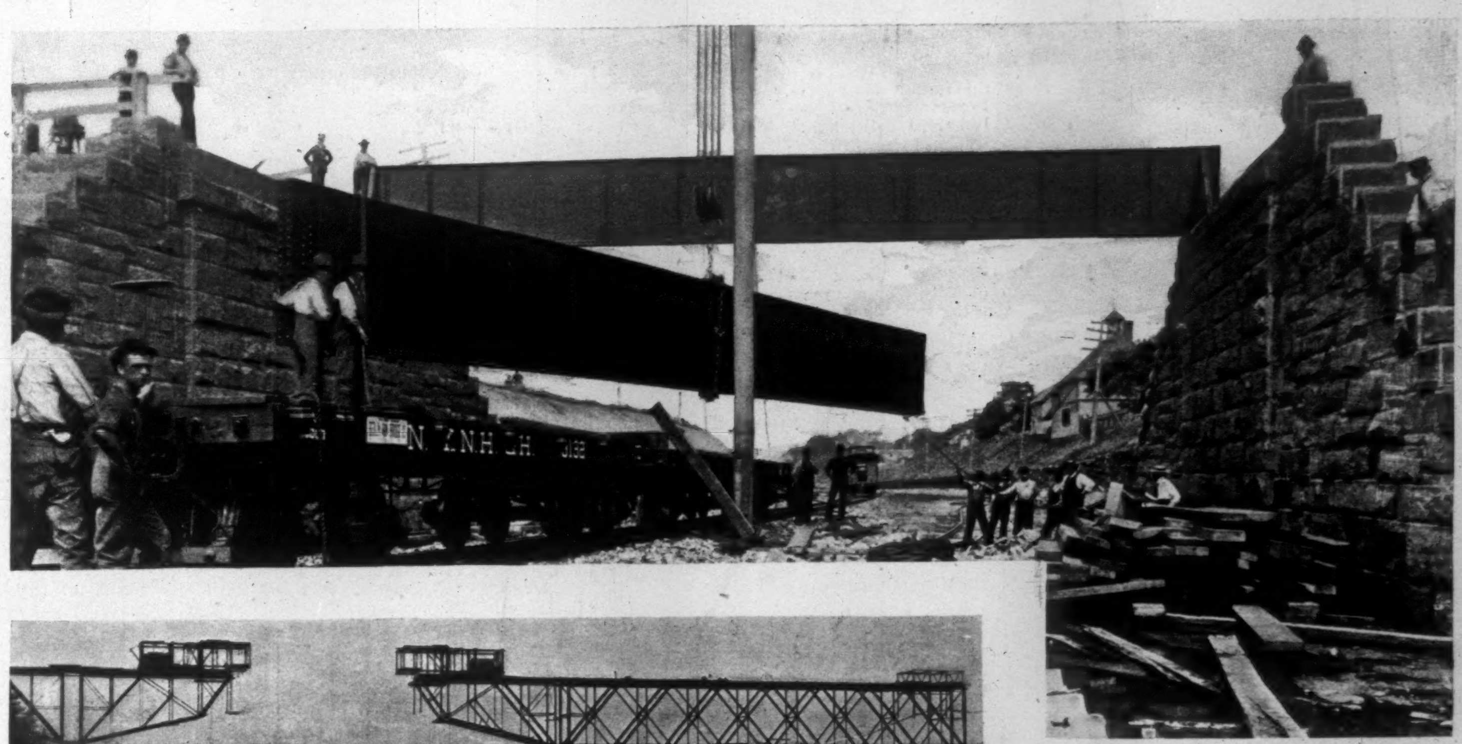
OVERHANGING TRAVELLER ERECTING A TOWER OF PECOS VIADUCT.



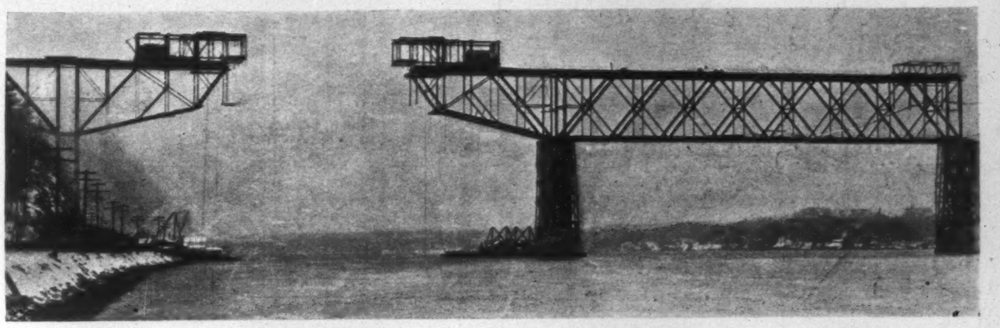
MISSISSIPPI BRIDGE AT WINONA—CANTILEVER AND SIDE SPAN, AND ERECTING TRAVELLER—ELEVATING THE HOISTING ENGINE.

FLOATING A SPAN OF THE COTEAU BRIDGE INTO POSITION OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER WHERE THE CURRENT IS VERY RAPID.

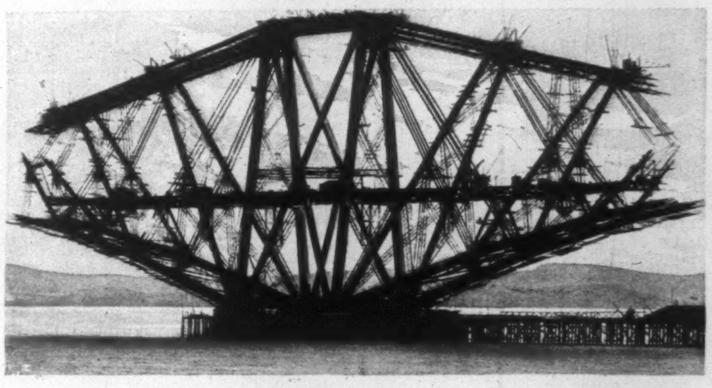
HOW LONG AND LOFTY BRIDGES ARE BUILT.—[See Page 202.]



ERECTING A PLATE GIRDER SPAN BY A GIN-POLE.

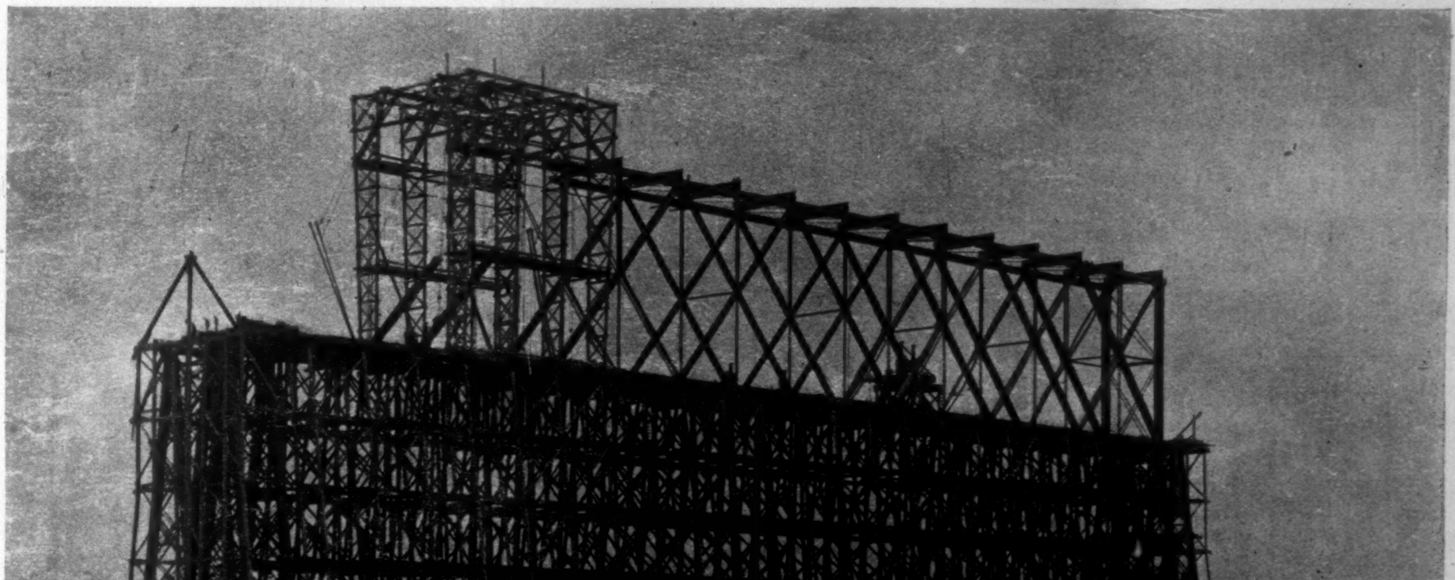


BUILDING OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE—CANTILEVER SPAN IN COURSE OF ERECTION.



ERECTION AT ONE PIER OF FORTH BRIDGE, SCOTLAND.

FINISHED SUPERSTRUCTURE, TRAVELLER, AND ONE SPAN OF FALSE-WORK FOR ARCH BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI AT MINNEAPOLIS.



BUILDING OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE, SHOWING HIGH FALSE-WORK AND TRAVELLER WITH PARTIALLY COMPLETED IRON-WORK OF A SPAN.

HOW LONG AND LOFTY BRIDGES ARE BUILT.—[See Page 202.]

THE SULTAN,

INTERPRETED BY RECENT EVENTS.

I.

[This article was written by the author after a perilous journey made last summer through the provinces which were the scenes of the recent outrages in Asia Minor.—Ed.]

In pursuing a careful, critical study of the many elements that go to make up the life, political and social, in the Ottoman Empire, it would not be deemed wise or desirable ordinarily to begin with the analysis of such an important ingredient as the Sultan. But his Majesty has recently drawn so large a share of public attention to himself—and in a large proportion of cases it has been unintelligent attention—that the public is in need of a truthful, unbiassed exposition of the present situation by some one who knows whereof he speaks.

Hot heads among Occidentals have spoken of the Sultan as the terrible monster; as the greatest liar in the universe; as the many-headed hydra; as the King of Evil incarnate; as the great blood-drinking man-eater of the century; as the Turkish Nero. In all of these epithets there are both truth and exaggeration.

But first, foremost, and above all things, Sultan Abdul-Hamid is a barbarian. He is wholly untrained in the principles of living that must govern to some extent the conduct of a civilized man. If a servant in the palace happens by any chance to displease him, the Sultan is as likely to kill him with his own hand as to call in the assistance of an officer. It is no more than two or three years ago that a long-tried and trusted care-taker of the clocks was so unfortunate as to meet Abdul-Hamid in a private corridor of the harem, when his Majesty, angered at seeing him there, fell upon, beat, and kicked him, and left him lying unconscious on the floor. The next day the man died of a broken heart over such treatment at the hands of his king. The fact that the Sultan was greatly wrought up over the poor man's death did not bring him to life, nor could the prayers of the poor widow effect anything, although delivered in a new home presented by his Majesty in atonement.

He bore a grudge against seven officials in the Trebizond region, ordered their seven heads to be sent in at once, and clapped his hands in childish glee on their arrival.

However much of independent thought and action may have fallen to the lot of the Sublime Porte with strong men as Grand-Viziers under other Sultans, during this man's reign its influence and power has steadily decreased. For years the value of friends at the palace has been understood by all provincial officials and army officers to be far greater than that of good recommendations at the Porte. Circassians especially have not neglected their custom of getting a member of the family into the Sultan's harem if possible. There the women, through intrigue, do good work for their friends at home. The Sublime Porte may dismiss valis, turn off kaimakams and mutasarifs in their unfitness, and cause the censure of army officers, but the Sultan will reinstate them, as he did Memduke Pasha, and give them medals and banners, as he did the Kurds.

The Sultan depends not merely upon such information as court intriguers may be willing to furnish him. Such a course would not be consistent with his independence and desire for power. A secret police, so well organized as to put the army to shame, knows what every man of any consequence in Constantinople has for breakfast, what remarks he makes at lunch, and what stories he tells at dinner. No physician can perform an operation upon the sick in any pasha's family until his Majesty the Sultan has given his permission. If an officer proposes to give a dinner, he is never sure that at the eleventh hour an order will not come from the Keyhole-Examiner to call back the invitations to his expected guests. It may take all the pressure of palace intrigue for a pasha to secure permission to send away his sons for foreign training.

Influence of a secret police and of traitorous friends can be seen any day in the actions of civil and military officers in their boat trips up and down the Bosporus. For, ten chances to one, they speak never a word, or else discuss at great length some such subject as the best way to cook fish of one kind or another. They never know whether the Keyhole-Examiner hears through the ears of their unknown next-door neighbor or of their apparent friend who sits opposite.

The motto of the Sultan is, "Trust no man." But since it is impossible for him to run alone the vast machinery of an empire, he has recourse to men whom he puts at once under the eyes of the secret police, that he may watch them day and night.

We come, then, to the important fact that the aim of this Sultan has been to make all of his officials his tools. Records of valis, from Van to Smyrna, have been carefully kept, and the Sultan has known his man, and has rewarded him. Such a method has been extended through every department of the civil and military service. Of great men in public service the Turkish government can no longer boast. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is dough—soft dough; the Grand-Vizier is no better; Memduke, Minister of the Interior, is the greatest bribe-taker in the empire. Thus we might glance over the autobiographies of the present cabinet ministers and find all the men chosen because they are putty, or are rascals who will do anything for money. Saïd Pasha, who took refuge recently in the home of the British ambassador, is the only distinguished statesman and comparatively honest man left in the service or outside of it, and upon his head also a price seems to be fixed.

The government, then, will offer no obstacles to whatever the Sultan may command, for he himself is the government. Neither will the people make any resistance. It is important that this last statement should be kept in mind. In a careful analysis of the people, that ought of right to precede any reference to the Sultan, I shall be able to show that the religious fanaticism of Moslems was slumbering apparently in the last sleep, until raised to life by the Sultan; that at all times the people are obedient to the government; that they are submissive beyond the conception of Occidental races.

Now it has been the deliberate purpose of the Sultan in all these massacres to impress upon European powers the fact that the fanaticism of his people would be sure to burst forth so uncontrollably upon the receipt of the news of these reforms that he could not tell what would be the results. Strange that he should be able to calculate so surely on the fanaticism of his people, who at that moment were groaning and raging inwardly against the government! Ah, but he is a clever man, is this same Abdul-Hamid! The Turkish people have been ground down by their heavy taxes and military burdens; they must be given a chance to vent their spleen on somebody or other. The hated Armenians have been rising to power too fast. The powers have been a grand nuisance with their ultimatums; they must be taught that all ultimatums are dangerous. Then the massacres were ordered from the palace—were ordered from the palace, I say. I speak carefully and with understanding.

I was in the interior of Asia Minor at the beginning of atrocities and for some time afterwards. To every vilayet, to every city—yes, and to the villages too—he wired the orders for looting and massacre. Everybody knew that he wired those orders; hundreds of Turks in Asia Minor said that he wired those orders, and hundreds of Turks in Asia Minor cursed him indirectly by cursing the government for the giving of such orders in view of his subsequent orders for restoration of stolen goods. Soldiers and officers freely declared that the government ordered the atrocities; that permission was given, and the people were called to do the work. In all places the work began at a signal, which was either a bugle call or the noon call to prayer. Almost everywhere the soldiers were active. The Redifs, or Redifis, newly called reserves, always looted and killed, while the regulars frequently did so. Plunder was understood to be the first object; the lives of the giaours the second. To break the money bones of the Armenians was the Sultan's determination, but he forgot that in so doing he was working the economic ruin of the empire.

A month and a half after the first massacre in Constantinople a commission of three men was appointed by the Sultan, ostensibly to look into the matter of this awful bloodshed, and to put a stop to the business. Through the western and southern parts of the six vilayets Abdullah Pasha, our old friend of the Sassoun Commission, made his quick and supposedly vindictive course. Demagogue speeches were made at principal places something after this fashion:

"Listen, O ye people, and give ear, ye who dwell under the protecting shadow of his Majesty the Sultan! Know that there has been enough of this looting and killing. The work must stop. The government will punish you so surely as you do not heed. Leave these committee-men, the revolutionists, for the government to deal with. The government can attend to them without any of your help. Know that it is able to punish them, and you too. You must restore the goods you have taken, or you will be put into prison. You are to go about no longer bearing arms. Others come after me who will punish you. Know that the government is just, that it is strong. Obey!"

Here and there a few men were put into prison, and the Turks generally were more or less angered when ordered to restore the looted property; they did not hesitate to express their thoughts freely. "When did we ever do such a thing before in a hundred years?" was the first question addressed to an Armenian neighbor as some Turk walked in with beds and copper kettles. "And why did we do it at this time? Because the government ordered it. That is the reason that we did it. But the government orders us to return the goods we have taken. Why? Does the government know what it wants? The Russian ships are in the harbor; the government is afraid; soon the Russians will be upon us. What will the government care then? It will leave us to our fate." One Turk complained freely in the city of Sivas one morning about the action of the government; the afternoon found him in prison, in heavy chains; the next morning discovered him dead in his cell. When a Turkish soldier in Marsovan was asked if the massacre would begin again, he replied, "I don't know. If permission is given, it will; if it is not, it will not."

In Malatia, Sivas, and many other places soldiers were stationed to prevent the Armenians from escaping from the market and city. In Kharpoot the Turkish official who declared that if the Kurds entered the city to plunder and kill they would have to do it over his dead body stood outside on an eminence and watched the marauders at their work, even when they looted and burned the American buildings. In Marsovan the crowd started first for the college, shouting, "To the college! to the college!" But before they could reach the south gate an officer and some soldiers who were running after them succeeded in heading them off, crying, "No, not to the college, nor into the homes, either, but to the markets, to the markets!" "To the markets!" the crowd shouted, and turned back. In the region of Moosh the officials received orders from Constantinople to arrange for a massacre. The English consul was informed, and through his efforts and English influence the orders were pocketed. Recently renewed orders, accompanied by severe reprimands, were sent from the capital, and the officials prepared to obey orders.

But not only did the order for the massacres emanate from the Sultan. At all times he held the people well under control, and ordered them about as he wished. In one city of Anatolia the plundering and murdering continued for three and a half hours. The next morning, from a hill above the city, I saw hundreds of villagers gathering on the plain below, ready to go on with the work. As they approached the brow of the hill overlooking the brook that flows around the base of the city, a long line of soldiers confronted them; parleys followed, and the villagers slowly turned about and made their way back across the plain with their women and donkeys. The villagers were commanded to go home, and they obeyed. At 9.30 (Turkish time) on the previous day the people had been ordered to cease looting, and they obeyed. This fact must always be borne in mind, that whatever else the Turkish people may be, they are obedient.

In a large number of cases it has been impossible to detect the great religious fanaticism toward which the Sultan has pointed with so much emphasis. The Turks evidently went into the business in the first place for purposes of material aggrandizement, and when their greed was satisfied passion was at an end. The Kurds themselves declared that they rushed in for what they could bring out, and the plunder was their pay for killing a few of the giaours. But that the Kurds would turn upon the Turks as quickly if given half a chance nobody doubts, for the Kurds hate the Turks and the Turkish government.

But these facts are only one set in an endless series that illustrates the lies which the Sultan is capable of telling, and in which he delights. From Kharpoot, Mosul, Marash, and many other places come statements from Syrian and Armenian bishops, from the Chaldean Patriarch and other church dignitaries, elaborating upon the good government of the Sultan and the clemency of all his ways. The extreme pitifulness of such statements must strike home to every heart that knows that they have been won by torture and imprisonment, coercion of various kinds, or after two or three hundred strokes of the lash have accomplished the semi-consciousness necessary to win the signature to the paper.

Everywhere it has been the determined purpose of this consummate falsifier to show that the Armenians began the disturbances, or were in some way directly at the bottom of the whole thing. So one man in Marash was given three hundred lashes, until he fainted; then he was given a paper to sign in order that he might escape the one hundred strokes that his sentence still gave him. After the paper was signed he found, to his horror, that fifty of the leading men in Marash were implicated in a revolutionary uprising, which was declared to be the beginning of all trouble in Marash.

Every city governor has sent out the old chestnut story that the Armenians attacked the Turks while in their mosques at prayer. No more absurd fabrication could be made, in the opinion of a long resident in the country. In the first place, the Armenians are not usually fighters; they may take the defensive, but never the offensive. Zeitoun is an exception. In the second place, were they ever so great fighters, they have no arms. I know of no more pitiful sight that came before my eyes in the interior than a small collection of arms that some young men had laboriously collected for self-defence; nothing but pop-guns, mere pop-guns, many of them were; others were old rusty affairs that could not kill a street dog at close range. I was admitted freely and confidentially into the homes of Armenian agitators, and I did see a few good guns. But what were a dozen good guns in a large city population? That the Armenians were armed, were planning open rebellion, previous to the granting of the reforms, and were trying to make resistance and counter-attacks during and since the massacres, people who were living in Asia Minor during the autumn know to be utterly untrue. These lies are statements fabricated by the Turkish government—by the Sultan, if you please.

In general the Sultan's policy in the case of the Armenians seemed to be this: (1) to get rid of the Armenians by crippling them financially; (2) to put a stop to foreign interference; (3) to accomplish the second purpose by wearing out the powers with delay, or by securing time to work the Turks up to the right pitch for the enjoyment of massacres; (4) to impress upon the powers the fact that the Armenians themselves were causing all of this trouble, and that if the scheme of reforms were not granted immediately would break out into rebellion; (5) to show that despite the granting of reforms the Armenians were not satisfied, and these lists of bloody horrors have been the result; (6) to spread abroad the idea that his own subjects were so fanatical that he could not be responsible for their actions, and that in fact he was a helpless potentate over a refractory people.

The Sultan's method of diminishing the money power of the Armenians in recent years I must leave to treat at length at another time.

The exact work of the Sultan between May 14th and October 20, 1895, was certainly not appreciated by the powers, nor is it fully understood yet. If he could manage to let the demand for reforms drag on indefinitely, he might hope that the efforts of the powers would die a natural death. A whole race waited the final decision anxiously—impatiently; to them it meant life or death. During this period the Sultan was giving orders for the mobilizing of troops; for the repair of military roads, like the one between Sivas and Erzingan; for the non-payment of officers' salaries; for the sending of all funds to Constantinople as fast as collected in the treasuries of the vilayets. He was stirring up the feelings of the Turks against the interference of the foreign powers, and their hatred toward the Armenians as the originators of their humiliation. He succeeded in rousing such feelings.

But Turks are ignorant and unreasoning, on the whole, and suggestions of increasing this world's goods by plundering their Christian neighbors were not long insinuated before productive of an effect. As early as September a Turk would frequently be sharpening his knives and other weapons as he sat in his shop, and as an Armenian whom he knew passed by he would remark with a grin that he was getting them ready to use on him. Often the Armenian would say nothing and pass on; sometimes he would

stop, feel of the blades, and tell the Turk to make them sharper before he used them on him. At other times he would make a curt reply about a change of conditions after the reforms were granted. The Turks carried arms about with them everywhere, and seemed afraid to appear out after sunset, declaring that the Armenians were armed and were preparing to attack them. The Sultan, you see, was doing his work well. The Armenians were going about rather freely, confident that the powers would secure for them the long-needed reforms, but the story that they were armed was most absurd. It is next to impossible for them to get arms into the country, and the government has been so thorough in its house-searchings in the last three years that what few arms were possessed were quickly seized, and the owners marched off to prison. We find, then, that just previous to the publishing of the reforms the Sultan was telling the ambassadors to send out word that reforms had been granted as soon as possible, in order to save the country from an Armenian rebellion. We find that he was telling the Turks that the Armenians were armed and ready to attack them, and that they themselves must punish the whole nation for the trouble brought on by the Armenian agitators; they should have booty and reward for getting rid of a few of the giaours. So it was that throughout the empire only Armenians were attacked, showing that it was not a religious war; for in many places the first question asked was, "Are you a Greek or an Armenian?" and life was spared or death was dealt out according to the reply.

Such are a few of the facts about recent events. They scarcely redound to the credit of the Sultan, unless they are a tribute to his cleverness. He has oppressed his own people, the Turks. He has planned the reduction of a subject race that he believed was growing too powerful, and purposes even now perhaps their utter extinction. I believe he has been honest in his decision to persecute the Armenians. There is no doubt but that they were developing rapidly under the influence of educational advantages, that they have had and have now superior intellects and initiative ability, and that they are passionately ambitious. The Sultan believed eventually that he would have to deny the teachings of the Koran by giving them a share in the government, or else see them work the further dismemberment of the empire. Laboring under such convictions, the persecution of the race was the only course left open to him. In reality Mohammedanism and Christianity were beginning their final struggle, and in his necessary religious zeal it is small wonder that the Sultan was short-sighted enough to go too far in his aggressive policy, and to weaken too seriously the race upon whom the financial prosperity of his empire depended.

Although the Turks have been reduced to such straits by an oppressive government, it would seem that when Abdul-Hamid came to the throne he came with the intention of putting new life and vigor into the Turkish people; that is, he was a progressive man, as progressive men go in Turkey. For Turkish schools were soon springing up throughout the empire, although in Constantinople most attention was paid to the perfection of higher institutions, including schools of law, medicine, art, etc. The schools were nominally open to Christians, but practically they were not, for the neglect of professors and the special arrangement of examinations made it difficult for the Christians to remain, or, if they remained, to graduate. The increasing number of Turkish graduates were given employment in government offices, the only kind of employment that exists in Turkey where education can be much utilized.

Internal improvements have also received the attention of the Sultan, and macadamized roads now lead to all parts of the country. A few short railroads here and there have rendered some service to trade, especially the one from Constantinople to Angora.

The Sultan has made some efforts to reorganize the army and to put it upon a better footing. But whatever he may have done toward a reorganization of the military forces he has not allowed a manœuvre to be executed in Constantinople for years, while the ordinary marching of the soldiers in the interior is a most laughable sight. Although the soldiers may be as brave to-day as they were at Plevna, they are in no way as well trained. The Sultan is progressive only in so far as progression brings to him no personal danger.

If, however, Abdul-Hamid came forward in 1878 with the intention of putting new life and vigor into the Turkish element, he seemed as fully determined to organize a crusade—a silent crusade, perhaps, at first, but a crusade—against the Christians of the empire; at least so many resident foreigners in the capital are inclined to think. And it is to be noticed that his Majesty has regularly increased the oppression of the Armenians, with the evident intention of ruining them financially, and of making them helpless. But whether he would have dared to allow the present massacres to change from the purely political to the religious character they have now assumed if the foreign powers had not remained perfectly passive, is a question that would generally receive a negative answer. It is hard to say what the Sultan's original intention was regarding the Christians. Many facts must be considered before one gives one's final verdict. This one thing is always to be counted on, that the Sultan intended to rule absolutely, and would brook no suggestions or interference from Armenians at home or from the powers abroad, and as soon as the Armenians began to demand reforms and changes and more local independence, so soon all the Sultan's energies would be directed against the Armenians as the menace to his absolute and despotic ego. These energies might branch out on either political or religious lines, according as the opportunity favored the one or the other, if only the one object were accomplished. The ego—the I—of Sultan Abdul-Hamid is the hitching-post to tie to while making any analysis to the present situation.

But the most absurd and unreasoning characteristic of the Sultan that has yet come to my notice is that which is reported from many and widely different sources—the ambition to be the last ruler of the Ottoman Empire. Surely nothing but egotism that has become insanity could be the basis of so mad an ambition, if such an ambition actually exists. The theory of it would seem to be that the people may suffer, the government sink into "innocuous desuetude," and financial ruin envelop the country—if only he, Abdul-Hamid, can continue on the throne. And no one shall succeed him, no sudden revolution or dethronement shall put another upon the throne. No, not if the empire shall be dismembered and the caliphate become a thing of the past. As long as he can hold the powers at variance with each other and make every home official his tool, so long he can live; and so great has become his passion and ability for intrigue that, financial objections aside, he may yet grace Europe with his presence for some time to come.

TIMOTHY PITKINS.

SANTA FE.

If first impressions were to be relied upon, Santa Fe would linger in my mind as a sort of second cousin to the brick-kilns of Haverstraw.

About all the visitor sees as he approaches the city by rail is a succession of sun-dried brick walls a dozen feet in height, without any visible eaves or roof to give them the semblance of dwelling-places. Scattered about here and there are a few modern business blocks, and over against the sky rise the gloomy walls of a penitentiary.

The American resident of Santa Fe is unwilling to recognize the old part of the town as of any importance, even to a wandering artist. An unloaded kodak pointed at the penitentiary and various business blocks satisfied the prejudices of my hosts and left me free, one afternoon, to wander off by myself with a sketch-book and pencil.

Herewith are given a few impressions of the old town and its inhabitants. The ancient adobe church, viewed from the front, is a woful modernized disappointment, but by passing around to the rear you seem suddenly to have dropped back into the early days of the Spanish colonies. There the rudely buttressed adobe walls, surmounted by a great wooden cross, would satisfy the soul of the most exacting antiquarian.

To gain entrance to the old church you pull a long rope that hangs over a garden wall near by, and a young lay brother opens up the church door. You enter and find yourself in a small yet one of the most impressive interiors in America. On the floor, for the old tower is no longer trusted to hold its weight, rests a chime of ancient bells.

On one of these bells a date, faint, but unmistakable, carries you back to some venerable town in Spain, where doubtless the old bell rang out morning and evening for many years before Columbus was born. The fourteenth century had not ended when this bell was cast, and one can imagine it, even in the days of its migration an ancient bell, being transported across old Mexico on some rude Indian ox-cart such as is shown in the picture of the "Old Curiosity Shop."

But to return to exploring the crooked streets and alleys. A few turns from the church a glimpse was caught of a dark-eyed señorita, framed for a moment in the doorway of a garden, that was worth a whole afternoon's stroll to a work-a-day artist. Perhaps this señorita wasn't a perfect beauty, but let us not be too microscopic.

A bit further along, in a tiny doorway, sits a sorrowing native. Over his door is hung, in twisted folds, two bands of muslin, one white, one black, which tell the story of a house of mourning. On the outskirts of the town a group of burros are resting. They are the wood-carriers. The loads they bring in from the mountains look like impossibilities; but nothing is impossible to a burro except speed. To see Santa Fe the visitor should stroll off alone in a haphazard fashion. Not expecting great things, he will stumble across many scenes that he will carry away as delightful memories.

W. A. ROGERS.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CORBIES AT THE EAGLE'S NEST.

ONE snowy day—I mind it was the Thursday by the day of the week—I had ridden to Girvan by the shore road; I had journeyed unmolested, save that one sent a shot after me as I passed the tower of Girvanmains, but this not so much, I think, with intent to do me an injury as because they saw my Cassillis colors, and could not let them pass unchallenged by a yett of the Bargany folk.

But upon my return I got one of the greatest surprises of my life. For as I rode into the court-yard of Culzean my lord was out on the steps bidding farewell, with the noble courtesy and distinction which none could assume so well as he, being natural to him, to a pair of guests whom I never looked to see in the court-yard of Culzean, save it might be coming in decently, heels first, for the purpose of Christian burial.

They were John Muir of Auchendrayne and the young Laird, his son. The old man was dressed as I first saw him, in plain fine cloth of blue without decoration. He wore no arms or any armor that was visible—though by the square setting of his body as he came down the steps I judged that he wore chain mail underneath. His son James, a cruel, hot-headed, but not ill-looking young man, was clad in the gayest fashion. He wore the wide falling lace collar which Prince Henry had brought in from France, and pointed doublet and wide breeches of the newest English fashion.

It was John Muir who was speaking, for his son was but a lout, and had little to say all the days of him. He waved his hand to the steps by the door of Culzean, whereon there stood Marjorie Kennedy, with her hand on Nell's shoulder, both being pale as death, and more dowie and sad than I had ever seen them look before.

"It is to be the burying of strife," said Auchendrayne. "In this loving-cup I drink it. The day of our love is at the dawning, and the auguries of the time to come are of the happiest. To our next merrymaking!"

And Sir Thomas, with his face one beaming smile of pleasure, bade him a loving farewell, and told him to haste back, for that cousins thus joined in affection could not be too often together.

And all the while I sat Dom Nicholas as one that is sunk fathoms deep in astonishment.

As Auchendrayne rode through the gateway he waved his hand to me, and turning to Culzean, where he stood looking after them, he cried, in the hearing of them all: "You have the handsomest and the boldest squire in all the south country, Culzean. This is the bruit that I hear of this young man everywhere I go."

And so, still smiling and bowing, he rode away, with his son half a length of his horse behind him.

But I gave him no greeting, neither yea nor nay, but regarded him with a fixed countenance; for my heart was like stone within me, because of the sorrow that I saw coming on the house and could not prevent it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAIRNS' PLAY.

Now the bitterness of this winter did not come till some time after the New-Year. It was in the midst of January, when the frost bit most keenly and the snow began to fall most deeply. The Culzean lads, James, Alexander, and little David, who was my favorite, caused the court and outbuildings to ring with happiness. Joy and peace seemed for a little to have come back to Culzean. This was the first snow since David had donned the trunks and laid by the bairn's kilts, which are cold wear in the winter season when it comes to rolling in the snow.

David, as I say, was my favorite, and often in my loneliness a comfort to me, though I have not hitherto mentioned him, seeing that the lads of Culzean come not into my tale greatly saving at this time, though in the coming day they may into the tales others shall tell when we that now prank it so gayly are no better than the broken sherds of a drained pestle-pot. But little Davie was a merry lad, and I am glad that there is occasion for me to name him in this history.

Davie was now equipped in doublet and hosen of duffle-gray homespun, so thick that his brothers feigned that with a little trouble and propping they stood up very well by themselves when their daily tenant had entrusted them and gone to bed.

And ever the snow came down. It lay deep on all the face of the country, but more especially it had swirled into the court-yard of Culzean, so that the very steps of the door were sleeked, and great wreaths lay every way about the court. The lads made revel in it, borrowing shovels from the stables and throwing up the snow on either side, so as to make narrow passages between the different doors of the castle and the offices about.

I cannot relate, because that there is press of matters more serious, a tithe of the merry pranks the rogues wrought in their madness. They revelled in the smother of the snow like whelps that are turned loose. And because there is none too much of merriment in this chronicle, I shall make shift to tell some of their quipsome rascaldom.

It chanced one morning that Alexander, who was of a mirthful mind, stood by a little door which led into the house wherein our peats and turfs were stored for the fires, so that it might not be necessary to bring a supply each day from the peat-stacks on the hill where the greater store was.

Whether it was that Sandy's head ached from having eaten too many cakes at the time of the New-Year, I know not. But suddenly it came into his mind that it might be a desirable thing and a cooling to stick his head into a mighty snow-drift which lay in front of the peat-house door. So, accordingly, for no particular reason, he bent himself into an arch and set his head neck-deep into the snow.

At this moment came his elder brother, James Kennedy, upon the scene, and his mood was also merry.

"Bless the rascal," quoth he; "whither hath his tidy lump of a head betaken itself to?"

So without loss of a moment the rogue made him a large ball of snow, well compacted, and caused it to burst upon the wretched trusses of Sandy's joints with a noise like the breaking of an egg.

Sandy snatched his head from the snow like a blade that bends itself to the straight, and stood erect. There was no one in sight save little Davie, who danced at a distance and laughed innocently at the jest; for James, the doer of it, instantly dropped into a deep snow passage. So Sandy, cured as to his head, but villanously smart in the breach, turned about in fierce anger, seeking for some one to truncheon. The lad Davie's laugh annoyed him; and Sandy, being an adept at the palm play, sent a snowball at his younger brother, which took him smartly upon the cheek.

Instantly Davie, poor callant, set up a cry of pain, which brought his sister Nell upon the scene with all the furies in the tangle of her hair.

"Ye muckle good-for-nothing calves!" she cried, addressing her unseen brothers, whom she well knew to be lying hidden somewhere among the snow passages. "I shall bring Launce Kennedy to you with a stick, and that by my father's orders—clodding at a bairn that gate, and garring him greet. Ye think I canna see ye, and if ye dinna come oot decently, I will come and bring ye. Ye may think black shame o' yoursel's!"

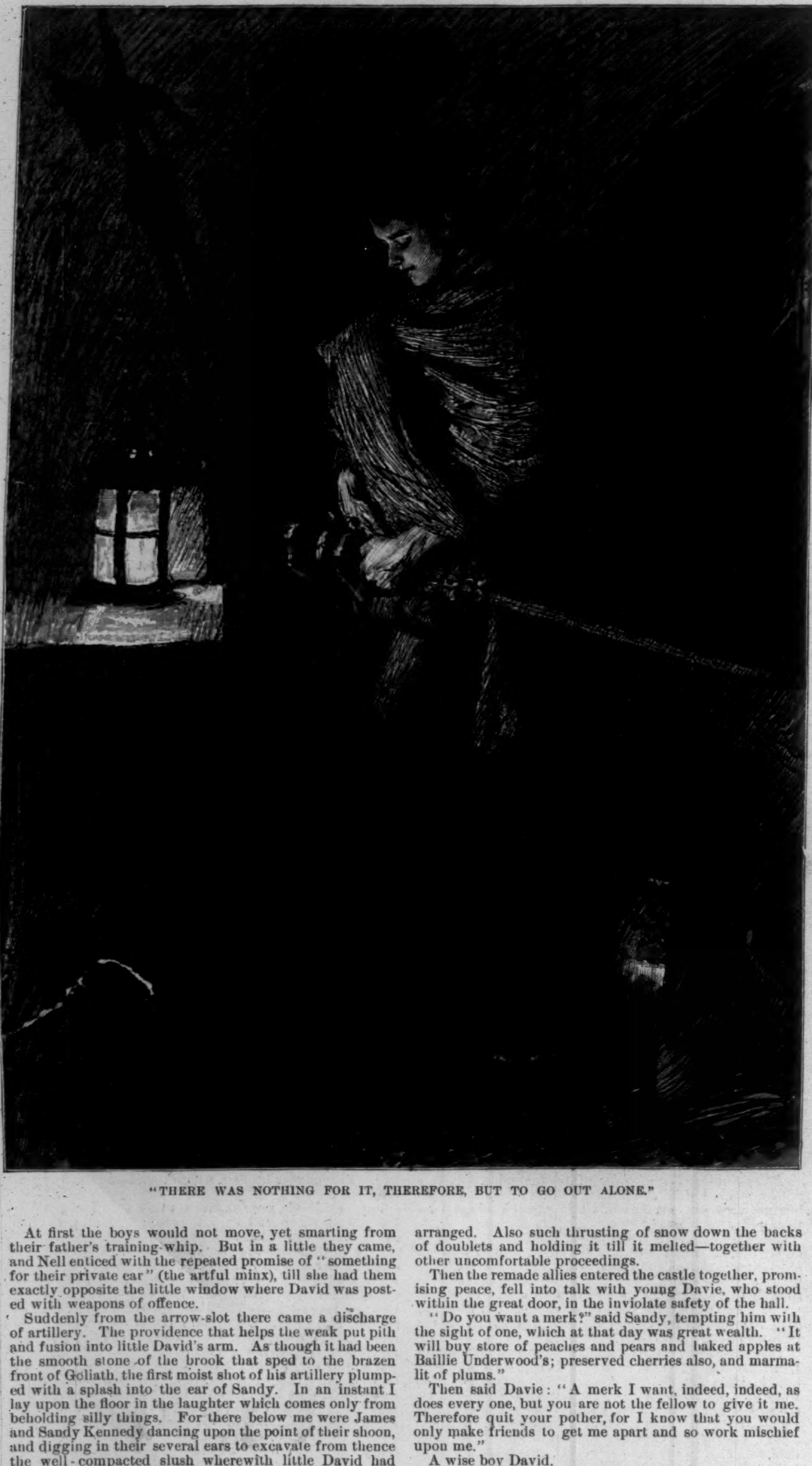
And this I do not doubt that James and Sandy did; for to be flyted upon by a lass, lying prone the while in a snow-bank, does not make for self-respect. So both the lads began to crawl away as best they might from Nell's dangerous neighborhood. It jumped greatly with my humor to watch them from the upper window of the armory which looked abroad over the court. All unwitting they approached the one to the other, with their heads down; and at the corner, each going with full speed upon his hands and knees, they knocked their heads together soundly with a crack which pleased me. Instantly they clinched and fought like wild cats, biting and fisting in the snow, till their father, attracted from the hall by the noise, came down and laid upon them both right soundly with the great whip wherewith the dogs were beaten when they trained for hunting.

All this was excellent sport to me, but the best was yet to come. In a little thereafter I saw Nell, who, when there was nothing upon her mind, came quietly out of the side-door that led to the kitchen places with David in her hand. She set him within a small flanking tower, which in old days had been loop-holed for arrows; then also locked the door upon him, taking the key with her. Before she went she handed the boy two or three snowballs, made from the wet snow where the sunshine had caused some drops to melt off the roof and fall from the eaves.

She went to the corner, I watching with joy the while from the window of the armory.

"Jamie! Sandy!" she cried; "come hither, lads. There's something here for your private ear!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT, THEREFORE, BUT TO GO OUT ALONE."

At first the boys would not move, yet smarting from their father's training-whip. But in a little they came, and Nell enticed with the repeated promise of "something for their private ear" (the artful minx), till she had them exactly opposite the little window where David was posted with weapons of offence.

Suddenly from the arrow-slot there came a discharge of artillery. The providence that helps the weak put pith and fusion into little David's arm. As though it had been the smooth stone of the brook that sped to the brazen front of Goliath, the first moist shot of his artillery plumped with a splash into the ear of Sandy. In an instant I lay upon the floor in the laughter which comes only from beholding silly things. For there below me were James and Sandy Kennedy dancing upon the point of their shoon, and digging in their several ears to excavate from thence the well-compacted slush wherewith little David had taken his fitting revenge.

Nor was the occupation made easier for them by the commentaries of their sister Nell, who repeated over and over again to them, between her bursts of laughter: "Did I not tell you that if ye came to the corner of the tower ye would get something for your private ear? This will learn you to let wee Davie alane!"

There remains yet one other of their pranks to be told, and that only because it is knit into the story, and so must be unravelled along with it.

The pair of elders after this defeat at the hands of Nell and little David took counsel together, and might sooner have hit upon something to their mind, but that James stood in an attitude of cogitation, having his mouth very wide open. Whereat Sandy, whose wits were brighter, could not, even for his life and the alliance between them, refrain from dropping therein a snowball, which he had in his hand for any purpose that might arise. This he did with the same neatness and adroitness with which he would have dropped a ball of worset yarn when the caps were on the green for the game royal of Bonnet-Ba'.

It took some time and a mighty deal of struggling on the ground before this treachery between friends could be arranged. Also such thrusting of snow down the backs of doublets and holding it till it melted—together with other uncomfortable proceedings.

Then the remade allies entered the castle together, promising peace, fell into talk with young Davie, who stood within the great door, in the inviolate safety of the hall.

"Do you want a merk?" said Sandy, tempting him with the sight of one, which at that day was great wealth. "It will buy store of peaches and pears and baked apples at Baillie Underwood's; preserved cherries also, and marmalit of plums."

Then said Davie: "A merk I want, indeed, indeed, as does every one, but you are not the fellow to give it me. Therefore quit your pother, for I know that you would only make friends to get me apart and so work mischief upon me."

A wise boy David.

"As I live I lie not," said Sandy, taking a great oath. "I will give you the merk if ye go down after dark to the barn, and passing through a great door to the lesser door at the back, shut and bar it with its bar of oak, and so return the way ye went. If ye do this, sure as death I lie not—I will give you the merk."

Little David, who had ofttimes been deceived of his brothers, considered upon the offer awhile, and at last he said to his brother, "As sure as death ye might lie, though twice ye have said it; but give the merk into the keeping of Launce Kennedy, that will not tell lies, at least not for such freits, and then I will take your dare and go shut the further door of the barn."

They came up to me to the armory, James, Sandy, and David all together, and I went from the window and sat by the fire, that they might not suspect I had seen aught of their matters. Then, when they revealed the matter to me, I bade Sandy be careful what he did, for it was growing dark, and I misdoubted that they meant to fright the child. So I feared them with the threat of their father, and as little David lingered a little while his brothers went lumbering and shouting down the armory stair, I put into his hand a short blackthorn cudgel which the young Sheriff of Galloway had brought with him over from Ireland.

"If ye see anything more than common, hit it as hard as ye can with that," I bade him.

And so little David passed out. I could not see him far across the yard because of the fall of the gloaming, but on his return he told me what befell him.

"It was bitter cold," he said, "and I will not say that I was not feared, for I was. Yet, so long as the door stood ajar, there came a ray of light, and my heart was cheered. But presently it was shut to, and I had all the way to go alone.

"But I heard the cows in the byre rattling at their hemps through the rings, and, as I kenned, pulling at their meadow hay in their stalls. And that was some company. So I went on, and the snow squeaked under my feet. I came to the great door of the barn. It stood open, vast and terrible as the mouth of a giant's cave. But I thought of the marmalit of plums, and in I went, with my heart gulp—gulping high in my throat."

I nodded at the little fellow, for many a time have I felt the same, and said nothing about it—when I was younger, of course.

"So," said he, "I went through the barn, in which was much hay and straw, till I came to the midst of it. Here I stopped to listen, for I could hear a noise—indeed, many noises. However, it was only the black rattons firsling among the straw. I felt a thousand miles away from home, an orphan, and very lonely—nor did thinking on marmalit of plums now bring comfort—at least one to speak of.

"But, nevertheless, because I thought of the taunting and japing of James and Sandy, I took my way to the further door that looketh upon the old orchard. The black corn-stacks shut out many of the stars, but that were left tingled and were cold. I thought I had no friend nearer than one of those. I was much afraid.

"Next I shut the back door and barred it—barred it good and strong with both bolts, and set a corn measure at the back for luck. This being done, I turned and took but one step back towards the great door, through which I could see the snow shining like a gray mist. Then my heart stopped, and I tried to cry out very loud, but could not cry out at all.

"For there was something in the doorway. I could see it against the snow. Something that crawled on the ground, with dull horrid eyes set wide apart, and turned a shapeless horned head slowly from side to side, moaning and yammering the while.

"I thought I should die. Then I feared that I would not die before the thing took me, for it slowly invaded the barn, till it filled the doorway. By this I knew that I should indeed die. Nevertheless, I minded what it was you said before I went. So I thought that, having a stick in my hand, I might as well die having smitten a good stroke as not—"

"Bravo, young David!" cried I; "that is the right spirit of battle."

"I took the blackthorn in both hands," he went on, "swung it about my head as you showed me in the hagging down of trees. With that I struck the horrible thing fairly between the eyes. Then leaping over it I ran, how I know not, for the door, where I laughed and wept till Nell brought me here that you might bid me stop. Now I want the merk."

So I gave him the merk, took down the dog-whip from the nail where it hung, and went out to look for Jamie and Sandy. For well I knew that this had been one of their tricks to frighten the boy, and I was resolved that they should take a thrashing, either from me or, what they would less desire, from their father, who, though a kind enough man till he began to lay on, was apt to be carried away with the exercise, and forget bowels of mercy.

But when I got upon the snow by the door Sandy came running to me crying out with terror. He had the hide of a great bullock which had been killed that day trailing from his waist. His face that fell from the lamp in the hall was a sight to be seen. There was a lump on his brow between the eyes as large to the nearness as a hen's egg. All his face was a-lapper with blood, so that for the moment I thought that the lad had really been killed. But when I pulled him up to the armory and got him washed, I found that the blood was only that of the bullock whose hide he had wrapped about him in order that he might crawl on the ground and fright his brother David.

And I had there and then taken him to the task with the dog-whip (for he might have bereft the child of reason), but the sight of his own wordless terror smote upon me, so that I desisted—for the time at least.

For a while Sandy could not speak by reason of the fear which blanched his face and caused him to hold by my coat even when I went across the room. At last he found tongue.

"There is a man," he said, "a man with a drawn sword, standing at the barn end, in a gray cloak, and a beast crouching beside him."

"Barley break, flim-flam!" said I; for I believed not a word of it; "your head is muzzy with your carrying the bullock's head and horns, and serve you right had David given you a warble twice as big."

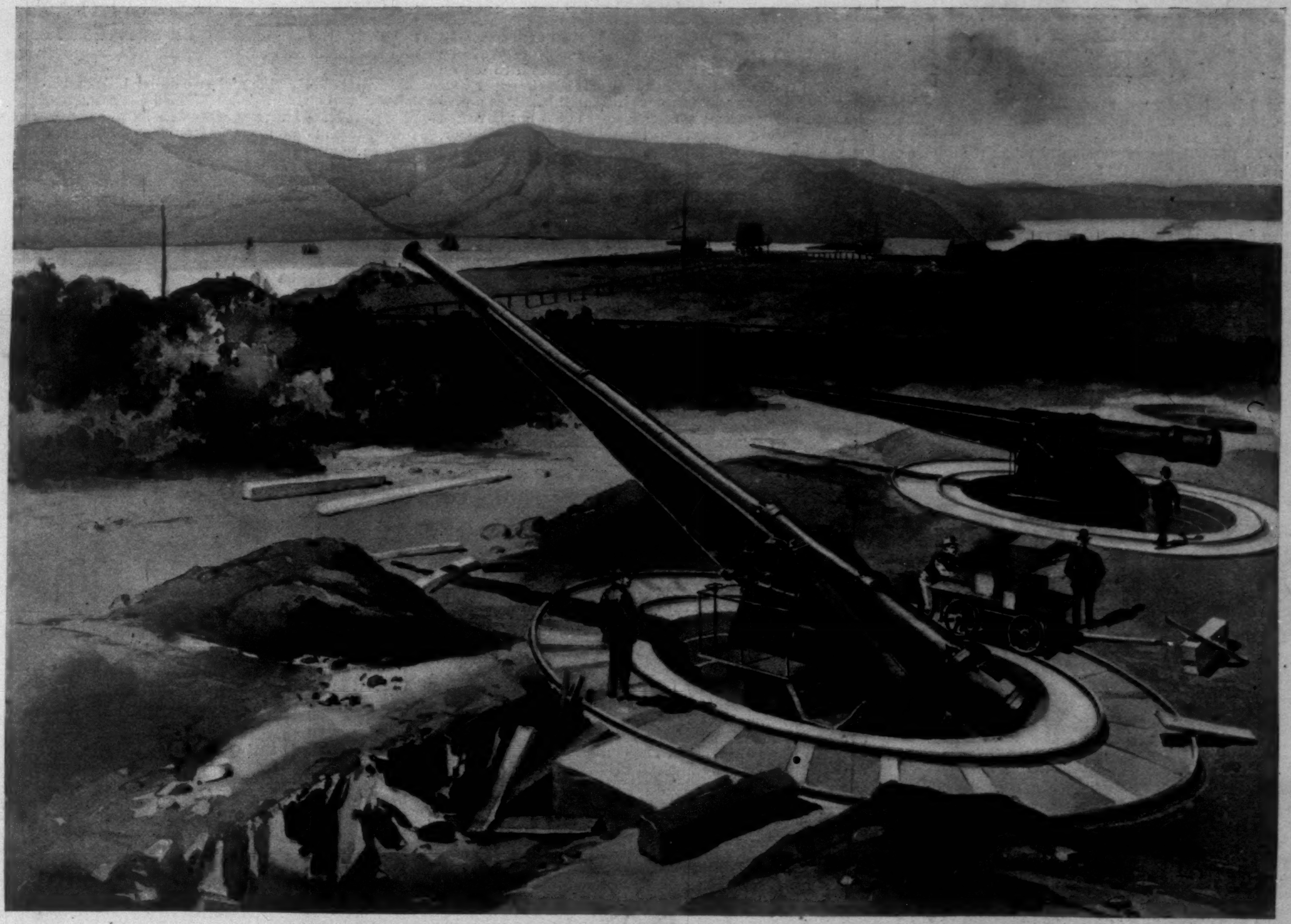
"No," gasped Sandy, "it is not fantasy. I saw the man. He stood against the sky in a gray cloak, and the beast crouched and had a lanthorn. Oh, Launce, I fear I have seen the Black Man, and that I shall die."

"Seen your granny's hippin-clouts!" said I, roughly, for I was angry at his senselessness. "Lay raw beef to your beauty-spot, sleep here with me, and I will forgive you the licking with the dog-whip."

So by little and little I got him soothed down, till he went to sleep on my bed, moaning and tossing. Then I set me down to think alone on the window-sill above the court-yard, for I had long since handed David over to the care of Nell. Sometimes for convenience I slept in the armory now, for Sir Thomas had trusted me with everything since I had proved myself in the wars.

I saw well that evil was somehow intended against the house of Culzean, and that something terrible walked in darkness. I resolved that I should find out what it was or die. I liked not stealthy adventure so much as plain cut and thrust, and wished that I had Robert Harburgh with me. But I knew that, though brave as a lion, he somewhat lacked discretion, and so might spoil all. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to go out alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

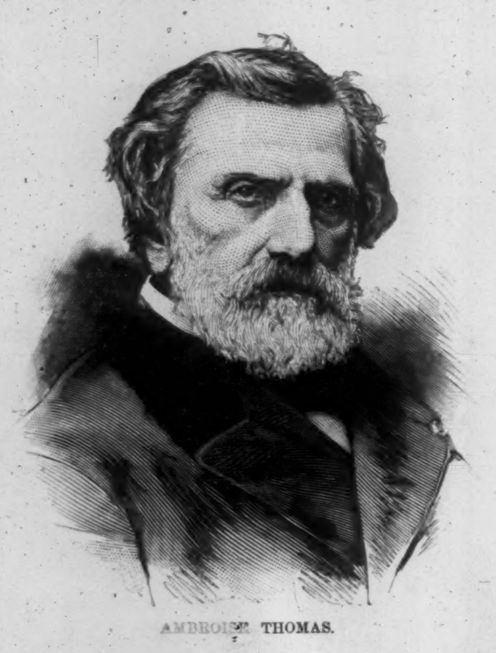


PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE-GUN BATTERY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION FOR THE DEFENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.
DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK—THE CHINESE COLONY, MOTT STREET.
DRAWN BY W. BENGOUGH.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

There have been greater musicians than Ambroise Thomas, but hardly one who was more deserving. The wise men in music agree in rating him as one who almost made up by the diligent cultivation of talent for the lack of genius. He was born in 1811 at Metz, and began at four to learn music from his father, who was a teacher of it. While very young he studied the violin and piano, and got early fame and successive prizes as a pianist. At seventeen he was admitted to the Paris Conservatoire, and there found able masters. He took important prizes there for three successive years, the last being the Prix de



AMBROISE THOMAS.

Rome, which enabled him to study for three years more in Italy. When he returned to Paris, in 1836, he began his labors as composer. During the next half-century he produced some twenty-five operas and operatic pieces, of which by far the best known and most liked is *Mignon*. Few of the others, except *Hamlet*, are familiar to Americans, though parts of many of them are often heard; but *Mignon* has proved one of the most popular ever written. On the occasion of its 1000th representation in Paris its venerable author received a great ovation, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

M. Thomas got his fill of that substantial success which the sane and earnest man of talent traditionally achieves and the genius often misses. In 1851 he was elected a member of the Institute, and on the death of Auber, in 1871, he became Director of the Paris Conservatoire. He became a commander of the Legion of Honor in 1868, and a grand officer (one of the six civilians so honored) in 1881. When he died in Paris a fortnight ago (February 12th) he had come to be the patriarch of musicians, being a year older than Verdi, who succeeds him in that dignity.

The *Westminster Gazette* speaks of the collection of drawings by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson lately exhibited in London as "an admirable selection of great interest artistically, and most enlightening to an Englishman on the subject of American social life." When one recalls Mr. Gibson's fondness for depicting that particular phase of social life in this country which concerns the propensity of American girls to marry foreigners, the words of the *Gazette* seem adapted to arouse some merriment. No doubt, however, when Mr. Gibson made his selection for the London exhibition he used proper discrimination as to the sort of enlightenment the Londoners should receive. They will certainly carry away from Mr. Gibson's show some decided impressions about the good looks of American girls, and the submissiveness of well-disciplined American parents.

Two or three years ago some enterprising person collected the photographs of the editors of the principal American daily newspapers, grouped them together, and made new photographs of the group, which, duly framed, hang now under glass in many newspaper offices. There must be as many as sixty heads in the group, and among them just one woman—Mrs. Nicholson, the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. She died February 15th, not more than a week after her husband, George Nicholson. Whoever has seen her picture with the other editors, all men, in the familiar group, must have wondered how a woman came to be editor of such an influential daily newspaper as the *Picayune*. This is how it came about: a young woman named Eliza Jane Poitevent, who lived on a plantation in Mississippi called Pearl River, used to write poetry for the *Picayune* which she signed "Pearl Rivers." The poetry had merit and was popular, and Colonel Holbrook, the owner of the paper, became interested in the author, and invited her, in 1874, to join the staff of his paper. Newspaper women, scarce everywhere twenty years ago, were unknown in the South. Miss Poitevent's father and brothers disapproved of the project; but she was twenty-five years old, and had views of her own, and accepted Colonel Holbrook's offer. The next year she married him; the next year he died and left her his paper. It had a debt of $85,000, and most of the friends of the young widow urged her to try to give the property away. But George Nicholson, the business manager, counselled her to stick to it, and she did. She went in as head editor herself, got a strong staff about her, and kept Nicholson in charge downstairs. The paper prospered under her control. Two years after her first husband's death she married her business manager. "Any woman of the right sort of capacity could run the upstairs end of a newspaper," she said, "but there needed to be a good man of business in the counting-room." The two Nicholsons worked off the *Picayune's* debt and made money. When they died within so short a time of one another they left a newspaper that was worth having and two sons to inherit it. It is a pity that both her sons and her newspaper could not have had Mrs. Nicholson's supervision for several decades longer, for she was only forty-seven, and her death, from influenza, seems to have been untimely.

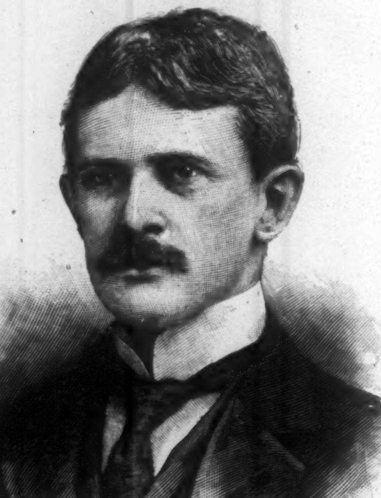
The stories of Mr. Thomas Allibone Janvier have found so much favor in the eyes of the French that their author has been lately made an honorary member of the Provençal "Félibrige," the great literary society of the south of France. A new translation of his poetic story of "Fray Antonio" has been brought out by Roumanille, the publisher, whom the members of the society most affect.

The *Chap-Book* has raised its price to ten cents, and promises to increase its thickness accordingly. No doubt the *Chap-Book* knows its business, but it should recognize that one of its charms heretofore has been that it has had so little in it. There are very many readers nowadays to whom it is a matter of much less consideration whether they pay five or ten cents for a magazinelet than whether they have to spend twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of time in reading it. People who want the most for their money buy Sunday newspapers. The folks to whom the magazinelets may be attractive are those whose purpose is to get the most for their time.

A first-rate dancing-master is an exceedingly useful person, in his day and generation, to the community that possesses the usufruct of his services. He not only teaches dancing, which is a pleasing and graceful accomplishment handy to have, but also company manners, which are even more indispensable to the welfare of polite society than a knowledge of steps. Allen T. Dodworth, who died at Pasadena, California, on February 12th, was for many years the accepted dancing-teacher of politest New York, and was considered by his pupils to stand at the very head of his profession. His father, Thomas Dodworth, brought his four sons from England to America as long ago as the Presidency of the second Adams. Allen was only ten years old then, but he could reach far enough to play the trombone, and he and his father joined the Castle Garden band. Before long they fell out with Dilkes, the leader, and the Dodworths quit, started a new band, which soon included the next Dodworth boy, Harvey, nine years old, and, before long, the two younger ones. Out of this organization grew the famous Dodworth Band, conceded in its day to be the tunefulest choir in North America. When Thomas Dodworth died, Allen succeeded him as leader; and when Allen resigned, his brother Harvey succeeded him.

Allen started his dancing-school in Broome Street in 1845. It succeeded from the first, and moved up town by successive stages with its patrons. From Broome Street it went up to Tenth Street, to a place in Broadway next to Grace Church, thence to the building now Delmonico's on Twenty-sixth Street, and finally to 681 Fifth Avenue, where it remained until its master retired from business, about seven years ago. Allen Dodworth taught dancing in New York for forty-four years. How diligent and earnest he was in his business, and how deserving of success! Only think what a prodigious acquaintance he must have had with polite people! His book about *Dancing and its Relation to Education and Social Life* (Harper's) is still a treatise of authority. One of his sons has a dancing-school in Brooklyn, and a nephew is his successor in New York.

The vacancy left in the State Department by the departure of Mr. Uhl has been filled by the promotion of Mr. Rockhill to be Assistant Secretary, and by the appointment of William Woodward Baldwin, of New York, to be Third Assistant Secretary in Mr. Rockhill's stead. Mr. Baldwin is a native of Baltimore, a graduate of Exeter, Harvard, and the Law School of Maryland University, and a prac-



WILLIAM WOODWARD BALDWIN.

tising lawyer in New York. He is thirty-four years old. His father is a merchant, of the firm of Woodward, Baldwin, & Co., of New York and Baltimore; his grandfather was Ensign Baldwin, of the *Peacock*, in the war of 1812; and his great-grandfather, Captain Henry Baldwin, who fought and bled at Eutaw Springs. Mr. Baldwin has lived in New York eight years, four of which he spent in the office of Mr. William B. Hornblower. During the last four he has practised law with Mr. Charles Anderson Boston, under the firm name of Baldwin & Boston. He is a member of the Bar Association and of the Manhattan and Knickerbocker clubs.

Our one-dollar bills and two-dollar bills and five-dollar bills, and so on, will soon be issued after designs by some of our foremost artists, who will be allowed to carry a few of them home for their trouble. While this will tend at once to elevate the taste of the community and to give an incentive to thrift, it is to be hoped that the added artistic value, which will make people more anxious to obtain them and more loath to part with them, will not interfere with their legitimate functions as media of exchange. France has already taken a step in this same direction by the adoption of a new postage-stamp, drawn by Grasset, a reproduction of whose classic but somewhat too poster-like design is here shown. The works of art which our own postal authorities give us are generally of a nature to render their obliteration by the process of cancellation a result to be striven for as quickly as possible. The educational possibilities of a really artistic postage are far greater than those of an artistic currency. Many of us to whom ten-dollar bills are a rare luxury can afford fairly to revel in two-cent stamps. E. S. MARTIN.

THE NEW FRENCH POSTAGE-STAMP.

CHICAGO.

The news that Mr. James H. McVicker, the veteran theatrical manager of Chicago, had been stricken with paralysis the other day brought grief to a wide circle of his friends and acquaintances. While his actual condition is not serious, it is evident that his years of work are nearly over, and that the theatrical profession may not for much longer be adorned by one who has always stood for its better ideals. For nearly forty years Mr. McVicker has given his personal attention to the management of the Chicago playhouse that bears his name. His theatre was first built in 1857, and since then has been twice destroyed by fire and rebuilt. During the first year of its existence it welcomed such actors as James Murdoch, Edwin Booth, and Charlotte Cushman. Old settlers recall those days with much satisfaction, and have particularly pleasant recollections of Mr. McVicker's own acting. His Shakespearian impersonations—Falstaff, Dogberry, and the Grave Digger—impressed those who are old enough to have heard them as unsurpassed of their kind, and many have been the requests made of Mr. McVicker since he ceased to act that he would for once give the new generation that has come upon the scene an opportunity to know what his Falstaff, for example, was like. Mr. McVicker deserves the particular thanks of all friends of the stage for his persistent championship of the stock company and opposition to the star system. He did what he could, but the current of a degraded public taste was too strong for him, and, especially of late years, he has found it impossible for any great length of time to achieve commercial success with a permanent organization of players.

We had the other day a beautiful illustration of the unexpected benefits of the new civil service system in Chicago. A policeman actually had the temerity to arrest two drunken and disputatious Aldermen and march them to the station. In vain did they display their Aldermanic stars and vapor about their authority and influence; they were taken into custody, as any other street brawlers would have been, by an officer who knew that his tenure was secure as long as he performed his duty. A few wholesome object-lessons of this sort will make more friends for civil service reform than any number of tracts and speeches and banquets. Who will now deny that the reform has become a matter of "practical politics"?

The X rays of Professor Röntgen have been made the subject of a good many experiments in Chicago, and Dr. James Burry, a Chicago surgeon, has been the first person in the United States, as far as I know, to perform an operation based upon the evidence furnished by a Röntgen shadow picture. The patient was a man in whose hand a bullet had been lodged some two years before, and from which it was extracted at Mercy Hospital the other day, being found just where it was indicated by the photograph. Professor Michelson, the head of the department of physics at the University of Chicago, has also been experimenting with the new rays, but thus far has made no announcement concerning them that does more than confirm the results reached by other investigators.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

An experiment has been lately made by the Charlesbank Gymnasium, in Boston, of free public hot and cold water baths. At first the attendance was very slight, but as the people have come to know about it, there has been a steady growth in numbers. On Saturday, which has always been the traditional cleaning-day in New England, over one hundred were turned away on account of the hot water giving out. Many were even willing to brave the terrors of the cold bath. The population of Boston have been offered for years privileges of summer bathing in the not too clean waters of the harbor and its tributaries, but this is the first experiment in supplying free hot-water baths to the public on a Saturday. Perhaps free beans on Sunday will be the next advance in the civic progress towards "bread and circuses."

It seems that the students of Dartmouth College have for years been addicted to the extraordinary practice which they call "horning" an instructor. This has been observed with more or less frequency when certain members of a class wished to express their dissatisfaction with him. "Horning" meant an unusual and noisy demonstration at his office or his residence. Sometimes it was attended with damage to property, but not with violence to person.

Recently one of the classes reverted to this old practice and "horned" one of the professors. As a result several of these lovers of the good old times were "separated" from the college. According to President Tucker, the penalty of "separation" was chosen to express "the single idea that any one who, under the present condition, chose to uphold in his own person the custom at issue, did not belong to the college fellowship so long as he held that view and committed himself to the practice."

At a mass-meeting of the students, however, resolutions were unanimously adopted committing the college to the abandonment of this custom, and, in the words of President Tucker, "providing a proper substitute for it." When this position had been fairly taken the penalty was removed, and each student who had been "separated" was permitted to resume his place in his class upon conforming to this new college sentiment. President Tucker does not state in his communication to the public what was settled upon as a proper substitute for "horning" by the students of Dartmouth, and it is difficult for the ordinary mind to conjecture any method which students can adopt for expressing the disapproval of an instructor which would tend towards the preservation of peace in the college.

"Little Italy" in Boston is growing apace. Its inhabitants celebrated mardi-gras this year in a blinding snow-storm. This is the first introduction of the carnival into the old city of the Puritans. The revellers, arrayed in all sorts of fantastic costumes, first paid their respects to the captain of the local police station, taking possession of the guard-room and giving an Italian dance, to the music of guitars, tambourines, and violins; thence the carnival procession danced its way across into North Street, headed by the band, and going to a ballroom, danced the Tarantella, to the music of the tambourines and guitars.

The explosion of an aerolite over the heads of the inhabitants of Madrid broke many windows and sent the inhabitants rushing from their houses in terror, lest the end of the world was at hand or the Cuban revolutionists were using the new balloon-ship for dropping dynamite upon the enemy. One house was destroyed, and many were injured in the panic.

So far as is known, no tombstone to-day bears the epitaph "Killed by an aerolite," and there is a chance for the writer of melodramas who desires to get rid of his villain in an original manner to dispose of him by a like "bolt from the blue." J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The first appearance of Paderewski in San Francisco has been the occasion of much excitement. For some time there has been complaint in the city on the score that the foreign stars which throng New York no longer visit the Pacific slope. It is said that more notable actors and singers found their way to San Francisco when they had to come round by the isthmus than do now when they can cross the continent in four days.' The last star of note to visit here was Henry Irving, who stated that the two weeks he played in San Francisco were the most profitable two weeks he had played in his entire theatrical career. As his profits for that space of time were $90,000, the statement may be readily believed. The demand for the Paderewski seats was immense. On the opening day of the sale the line of buyers stretched over a block down the street, reminding people of the famous *queues* that used to form at the Grand Opera-house and stretch two blocks down Mission Street when Patti paid her first visit to California. The great pianist was received by a crowded but rather chilly house. It was mainly formed of the fashionable, the rich, and the curious, who rarely make a warm or responsive audience. They were not fully awakened till the end of the programme, when the Second Rhapsody stirred them into a tardy but ardent enthusiasm.

Mr. James Phelan, one of the few Californians who seem to have the courage to believe in and patronize local talent, has given to the city a fountain in commemoration of the admission of California into the Union. California enjoys the honor of being the only State in the republic—besides the original thirteen—which entered the Union without serving the customary novitiate as a Territory. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed in 1848, and in 1850 the State of California was admitted. The fountain is to commemorate this occasion, and has been designed by a native son and presented by a native son. The summit of the tall shaft bears the figure of the Genius of California holding aloft an open volume, on which the date of the State's admission is inscribed. At the foot a miner, the typical native son of the Golden West, stands in an attitude of triumph, the miner's pick and cradle at his feet. The fountain is the work of Mr. Douglas Tilden, a native Californian, who has studied in Paris. His talents are all the more remarkable as he is a deaf-mute.

The washing ashore, on the beach at the Cliff House, of the body of Mr. Cranston Potter has created much comment and excitement during the past week. Mr. Potter was the nephew of Bishop Potter, of New York, and the brother-in-law of Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter, the actress. His home was in Tacoma, where he leaves a widow and three little girls. He came here for a short visit, accompanied by a friend, who returned to Tacoma, leaving Mr. Potter apparently well and contented. A few days after his departure the body was discovered. The cause of his death is unknown, and from the contradictory reports flying about it is almost impossible to draw any conclusion. Some state there was water in the body, which proves that death resulted from drowning; others state as positively there was absolutely no water in the body, which proves beyond a doubt that the man was dead before he reached the water. Suspicions of foul play are rife, but as the watch and chain were found upon the body, the theory of robbery is not feasible, and no other motive for murder is suggested. The affair is another of those gloomy mysteries that belong to the Cliff House beach.

A blow has fallen upon local art. The statue which is to crown the dome of the City Hall has to be shorn of its wings. This is not a question of æsthetic beauty, but of cruel necessity. It appears that the back of the statue, which is already made, and is waiting to be winged for its upward flight, is so narrow that the braces necessary to hold on its pinions cannot be inserted. The Commissioners declare that in the high winds of summer there would be danger of the wings blowing off, which might be bad for those passing beneath. It has therefore been decided that it is better for the statue to give up its wings than to run the risk of maiming unoffending passers-by.

G. B.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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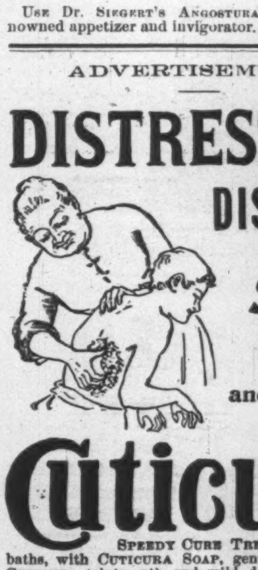

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A NEW OPERA FOR MADAME EAMES.

Not often do Parisians interest themselves in anything whatever outside of Paris; in their opinion the smallest event happening in the city is of much more consequence than the most important occurrence outside of it. And so, when they talk of the first presentation of an opera which is neither to be given in Paris nor sung by Parisians, it is a sign and a token not that they are enlarging their interests, but that an interest out of the ordinary has gained their attention, willy-nilly.

Such an opera is *Ghiselle*, written by César Franck just before his death, some years ago. Franck is best known in the United States by his *Redemption*, which won for him, both in America and in Germany, a high place among composers of serious music. In other countries, however, and particularly in France, the acknowledgment of his talent has been like that accorded to poor Bizet—a posthumous recognition, which, though it doubtless affords some satisfaction to his disembodied spirit, will be in the main a matter of profit to his musical executors and of glory to his interpreters.

To find the latter has been the principal cause of delay in the production of *Ghiselle*; the title rôle is so exacting, both musically and dramatically, that heretofore no one has been found who would be likely to fill it satisfactorily to those most interested in its adequate presentation. But the Ghiselle they have been waiting for has at last been found in Emma Eames, who, in order to create the rôle thus offered her, has declined a brilliant Russian engagement, the acceptance of which would have interfered with the rehearsal and production of Franck's masterpiece.

The first hearing of the opera will be at Monte Carlo, where Eames, Tamagno, and others will sing during the season that opens in March. The announcements already made promise more brilliancy than usual, but the interest already centres in the new opera, and what Eames's interpretation of the main rôle will be—an interest felt, as I said, even in Paris, three months in advance of the date of production, and evinced the afternoon that I saw Madame Eames by such personages as the editor-in-chief of the Paris *Gaulois* and two special correspondents of prominent American newspapers.

Fortunately I have been able to get at first hand the substance of the opera. One can scarcely imagine a finer theme for operatic use than has been furnished by the poem of Augustin Thierry. The story is taken from the Merovingian tales of the elder Augustin Thierry, uncle of the present writer. Ghiselle, a beautiful barbarian, has been taken captive during a war with Austria and brought to the court of Queen Frédégonde, where her wonderful power of improvisation is often called into requisition. Commanded one day to sing the praises of Gontran, who has just returned victorious from a battle with her people, Ghiselle at first refuses absolutely; then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she sings, not the praises of the victor, but the glorification of her own nation, and ends her improvisation by a denunciation and curse of her captors.

Gontran, attracted alike by her beauty and her fearlessness, loves her, and asks Frédégonde's consent to his marriage with Ghiselle. Frédégonde, who, loving Gontran herself, is furious with jealousy, not only refuses, but gives Ghiselle to another member of her court, not as a wife, but as a slave. Gontran challenges him to combat for the possession of Ghiselle, but the encounter is stopped by the entrance of Frédégonde before whom, as queen, no swords may be drawn.

The combat is renewed later, and word is brought to Ghiselle that it has resulted fatally to Gontran. Urged to do so by Frédégonde, she consents not only to become a Christian, but a nun. The scene where she is asked to renounce one after another of the ties that bind her to human interests, and assents, "since Gontran is gone," is magnificent. The composer embraces the opportunity thus given for the churchlike yet fervidly dramatic music in the writing of which he has proved himself masterly.

Ghiselle's vows made, she asks to be left alone in the church to pray; when the others have withdrawn she petitions Heaven to be allowed to see Gontran once more, even if only in a vision. No answer coming to her prayer, she becomes frenzied, renounces the religion she has just embraced, and calls upon the heathen gods of her own people to do for her what the God of the Christians has denied her. The church door opens and Gontran appears.

The lovers then fly to Austria, Gontran leads the Austrian army against Frédégonde, whom he overthrows, and he and Ghiselle are hailed with acclamations by the people as the new rulers. But the priests anathematize Ghiselle for having broken her vows, and excommunicate both her and Gontran; and the people, now as loud in their denunciation as they had recently been in their praise, attack Gontran and set fire to the palace.

Escaping through the flames, the two lovers take refuge with an old woman, who, having lost her child years before, has since led a wandering, gypsylike life in search of her. Through a song which Ghiselle sings to her in recounting her own story she is recognized as the lost daughter, but the happiness of their reunion is broken in upon by the pursuit of their enemies, and the opera ends with the death of Gontran and Ghiselle.

Such is the story, badly enough told, for it gives but the bare outlines. But there is enough for one to see what opportunities are offered dramatically by the characters and situations. And those who are familiar with the compositions of César Franck will know that the musical possibilities will be made use of to the fullest.

That Eames will create a character in Ghiselle at once uncommon, effective, dramatic, and yet true, I have no doubt whatever; and it is a matter of congratulation that she will be seen in a rôle that will afford her an opportunity of proving that she possesses to a degree not hitherto fully acknowledged dramatic fervor as well as dramatic perception.

The critics who have accused her of coldness have not, it seems, stopped to reflect that the characters with which she is mainly associated in the mind of the public are those which, far from demanding fervor, do not even permit warmth. The Countess in the *Marriage of Figaro*, Eva in *Die Meistersinger*, Mistress Ford in *Falstaff*, and, above all, Desdemona, are characters which in themselves are distinctly lacking in warmth. Ghiselle gives her the opportunity heretofore denied—that of portraying a passionate semi-savage nature, sweetened by womanly love and tenderness.

Florence Hayward.

NEW YORK'S TWENTIETH DOG SHOW.

Bench shows for dogs were started in America in 1877 by the Westminster Kennel Club, and the exhibition at the Madison Square Garden last week was the twentieth annual event of the kind in New York. These shows have had a wonderful effect in improving the class of dogs. For a very long time, to be sure, we have had in this country most excellent setters and pointers for work in the field, but those of to-day are infinitely superior in appearance, and doubtless also more trustworthy to shoot over. This is particularly so of English and Irish setters, but not in so marked a degree as of the Gordon setters. The improvement of the pointers has been due no doubt to a great extent to the importations of the Westminster Kennel Club, which brought from England such splendid stud-dogs as Sensation, Bang Bang, Naso of Kippen, and King of Kent. At this time the breeders of pointers most conspicuous and successful at the bench shows are Mr. George J. Gould, the Spring Side Kennels, and the Hempstead Farm Kennels.

In collies and in mastiffs the improvement in the two decades has been very remarkable. At the first show the collies and other sheep-dogs were classed as shepherd dogs, and there were only eight entries, of rather inferior animals. At this last show there were seventy-five collies and eight or ten English sheep-dogs (bobtails). And among these collies were six or eight of the very finest specimens in the world, dogs which would carry off blue ribbons in any show in Great Britain. As predicted in the article last week on the Cragston Kennels, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collies carried off the great honors of the show. The mastiffs of twenty years ago were long animals with houndlike heads—merely mongrels, indeed. For the last few years, though the mastiff classes have not been large, the individual specimens have been splendid. One dog of recent years, Beaufort's Black Prince, by competent judges was considered to be the best mastiff that had ever been bred. He was bred by Mr. Winchell, of Fair Haven, Vermont, and has been sold to an English buyer for $5000. In England he is carrying everything before him. Another of Mr. Winchell's new dogs was a brindle bitch, Miss Constable, recently imported from England. Brindle mastiffs are a novelty in the United States. She attracted much attention, and won in her class.

The fox-terrier, most gentlemanlike of his race, has been greatly improved since these shows were inaugurated. At the show in 1877 there were entered twenty-five fox-terriers. In the show of last week there were more than four times that many, and their average of excellence was four times as high. Among the most enterprising breeders may be mentioned Mr. August Belmont, Mr. John Thayer, Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jun., Mr. Clarence Rathbone, and Messrs. L. and W. Rutherfurd. Mr. Belmont, with Blemton Stickler, got the first prize in the challenge class. The Dandie Dinmonts have not grown in favor, as the number in the first show was as great as in this one. What has been said of the mastiffs applies also to the St. Bernards, except that the latter are still high in favor, and the number exhibited as large as ever. Of recent years, and until this, there has been at the dog shows a St. Bernard of such superior conformation that he entirely outclassed all the others. Allusion is made to the late Sir Bedevere. Removed by death from competition with the other St. Bernards, he has left the benches of this class really more interesting by his absence.

A new type of dog has been created in America within recent years—the Boston terrier. Those who know him best speak highly of him, because of his intelligence and his amiability. He is certainly not attractive in appearance, and suggests at a first glance a badly bred bull-terrier half gone in consumption. This is the newest fad of the day, and has just been taken up by Colonel Ruppert, who hitherto was an extensive breeder of St. Bernards. Another novelty of this show was two dogs in the miscellaneous class belonging to Mr. Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle, of Philadelphia, and recently imported from France. These are French bull-dogs (Dogue de Bordeaux), and are great fighters. They are mild of aspect, however, and probably only dangerous when excited.

There has been a disposition of late years to encourage breeders not to crop their dogs of ears and tails, according to the conventional practices long in vogue. Indeed, it has been proposed to make cropped dogs, after a certain time ineligible for exhibition. This proposition was fought bitterly, and was defeated by a very narrow shave. But it is evident that the defeat was only for a time. When it comes up the next time, or the third time if need be, the present minority is sure to be a majority. Fighting-dogs, such as the bull and the bull-terrier, were cropped as to their ears because long ears were inconvenient in the bloody and stubborn encounters of the pit. But dog-fighting is now obsolete. The bull and the bull-terrier are both improved in appearance by long ears. The Great Dane with his ears cut to a point looks very fierce and savage, but when his ears grow to their natural length he has a mild and benevolent countenance, inviting confidence rather than provoking fear. The only dog that appears to be improved by cropping is the Boston terrier. The more of him that is cut away the better.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

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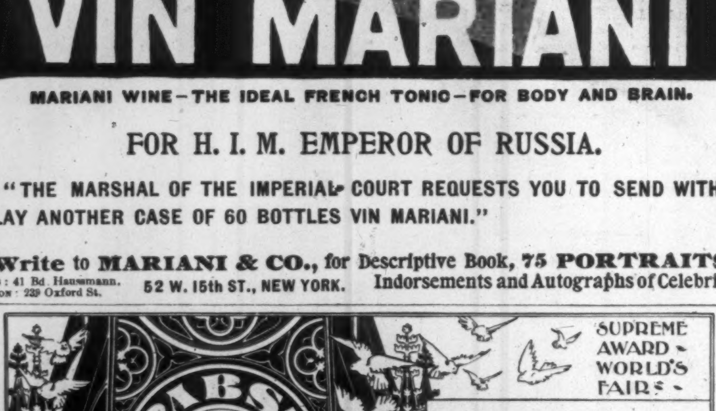

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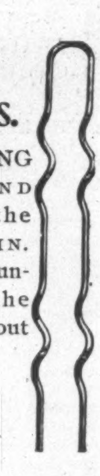

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

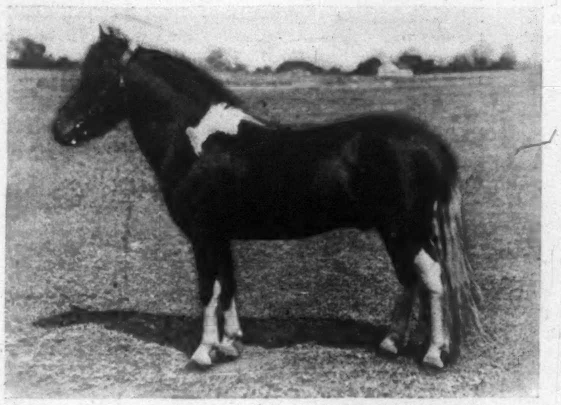
SCANDINAVIAN, HEBRIDIAN, SCOTCH, AND SHETLAND PONIES.

PART II.

As our attention is turned from the New World to the Old, in our discussion of the subject before us, we find something to attract us in Scandinavian, Icelandic, and Scotch ponies. The first two of these are closely related families, and Scotch ponies also possess so many of the characteristics of the others that they doubtless have in their make-up much of the same blood.

The Scandinavian ponies are nearly always dun in color, with a black stripe down the back, and black legs, mane,

JEWEL—SHETLAND SKEW MARE, 43 INCHES.

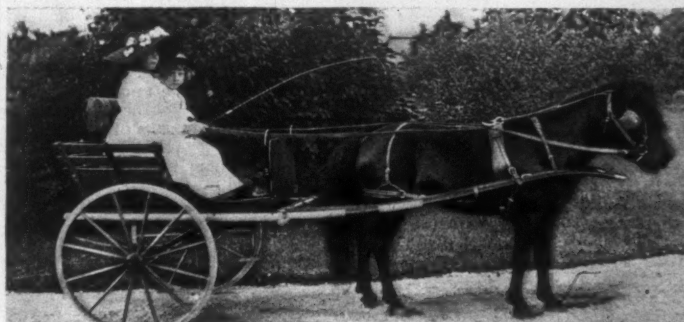


KELPIE—CHAMPION SHETLAND STALLION.

and tail. They are lacking in appearance of high-breeding, being rather straight in the shoulder and coarse in head. But they are intelligent, sure-footed, kind, and hardy, and are driven at top speed down narrow roads on the very edge of precipices, nor do they often make mistakes. Tourists to those high latitudes speak with enthusiasm of their reliability and useful qualities.

These dun ponies are found both on the mainland of Norway and Sweden, and on the islands off the coast, one landed proprietor on Gottland, Herr Carl Hauffman, having gotten together quite a carefully selected stud. The entire race is said to be very robust, enduring, and of most cheerful disposition under all circumstances. They are used mostly in harness.

The ponies of Iceland, too, differ very slightly from



FRITZ—SHETLAND PONY, 9 HANDS.

those of Scandinavia, though they are somewhat smaller, due, doubtless, to the greater hardships to which they are subjected.

As we approach nearer to Great Britain we find ponies on the islands off these coasts as well. The Shetland Isles have a type of their own, known the world over, which will have attention later. In the Hebrides, or Western Islands, we find some capital ponies of good size, and of the everlasting kind. These run sometimes to the limit of 14 hands 2 inches in height, which we have agreed is the maximum for a pony. When gotten over to the mainland and fed with a few oats they readily cover seventy miles as a day's journey. Their origin is attributed to the wreck of one of the cavalry transports of the Spanish Armada on the island of Harris, from which some of the horses escaped to the shore. The reader will be struck with the similarity of this account to that given of the origin of the Chincoteague ponies. Both traditions are likely to have a basis of truth.

The Scotch pony, made familiar to the world by the pictures of Landseer and the writings of Scott, is first cousin to these other families. Doubtless they all contributed something to his production, the dun color and black marking having long been characteristic of some of the Scotch ponies. The few of them that are left are mostly to be found in the heaths of the Scottish highlands, where they are used as shooting-ponies, being sturdy, enduring, and capable of carrying great weights, rather than possessed of much speed. Like most horses used in very hilly countries, they have a tendency to upright shoulders. They once had much higher conformation than of late years, and the original family, from which came the name Galloway, were very superior in quality.

Galloway is on the shore of the Solway Frith. This was the home of a most excellent breed of ponies, from 13 to 14 hands high, fifty years ago, but now the race is nearly extinct. Youatt thought their origin was in horses escaped from the wreck of a vessel of the Spanish Armada. Whether the same mentioned above, in speaking of the Hebridian ponies, cannot be told with certainty.

Frank Forester, writing of them a generation since, deplores that the race has been lost, or sadly deteriorated, by reason of non-appreciation of their peculiar excellences. He tells us, "In Great Britain, in consequence of the existence of this peculiar pure race of small-sized animals in the district of Galloway, whence they obtained their name, all very small horses came to be called Galloways."

In our day, as we have seen, the name still applies to those animals intermediate in size between ponies and horses. It has no significance as referring to an animal of pure breeding.

Youatt describes the old Galloway as "nearly 14 hands high, and sometimes more, of a bright bay or brown, with black legs, small head and neck, and peculiarly deep clean legs. Its qualities were speed, stoutness, and sure-footedness over very rugged and mountainous country."

Dr. Anderson says: "One of this description I possessed, it having been bought for my use when I was a boy. In point of elegance of shape it was a perfect picture, and in disposition it was gentle and compliant. It moved almost to a wish, and never tired. I rode this little creature for twenty-five years, and twice in that time I rode 150 miles at a stretch, without stopping, except to bait, and that for not above an hour at a time. It came in at the last stage with as much ease and alacrity as it travelled the first."

Two feats that stand to the credit of Galloways show that they must have been extraordinary animals. In 1754 Mr. Corker's Galloway went 100 miles a day for three successive days over the Newmarket Course; and a Galloway belonging to Mr. Sinclair, of Kirkby-Lonsdale, performed at Carlisle the extraordinary feat of 1000 miles in 1000 hours.

HOPLEMUROMA—SHETLAND PONY MARE, RED ROAN, 35½ INCHES.
First and Special Prize-Winner in London, 1895.
Record: 9 Miles in 43 Minutes; 7 Miles in 29 Minutes; 4 Miles in 16 Minutes.

Dandie Dinmont's Dumple was a Galloway. Scott represents him as carrying, without too much effort, both his stout owner and Captain Brown, a soldier of equal bulk, safely from their meeting with the highwaymen on the moor to Dinmont's home at Charlie's Hope, many a league away. Brown remonstrated at the load imposed on poor Dumple, but Dinmont replied, "Deil a fear, man. Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang eneugh." And after the two were safely clear of the heath, Dinmont was inclined to apologize for the rate of nine or ten miles an hour they were making. "I could gar him show mair action," he said, "but we are two lang-legged chields after a', and it would be a pity to stress Dumple; there wasna the like o' him at Stanshie-bank fair the day." As the two riders would weigh close on to 450 pounds, the reader cannot but be thankful for Dinmont's consideration. As already remarked, there are hardly any of the pure Highland ponies left in the present day. The race has been swamped by introducing Cleveland and Clydesdale stallions, used to increase their size for agricultural purposes. At one time some good ponies were bred by the Blairs, a noted family of hotel-keepers at Rowandeman, who also still control many hostelries in the Trossach country. These Ben Lomond ponies, however, have now been spoiled in the same manner as all the others, by crossing with Clydesdale cart-horses. The Dukes of Hamilton and Marquises of Bute are responsible for spoiling the West Highland and Argyleshire ponies, Sir Charles Lockhart of Lee for the ruin of those of Kintyre.

The Mull ponies were very highly esteemed, broad, hardy, active little fellows, dun, with the black "eel" mark down the back, and all, male and female alike, known as Donalds. But the Donalds are all gone too, swamped in Clydesdale blood. One turns from contemplating such destruction of type with chagrin and disgust. The Scotch people deserve to be left with their big-headed, hairy-legged Clydesdales for not knowing a good thing when they had it.

From such a condition it is a pleasure to give our attention to the

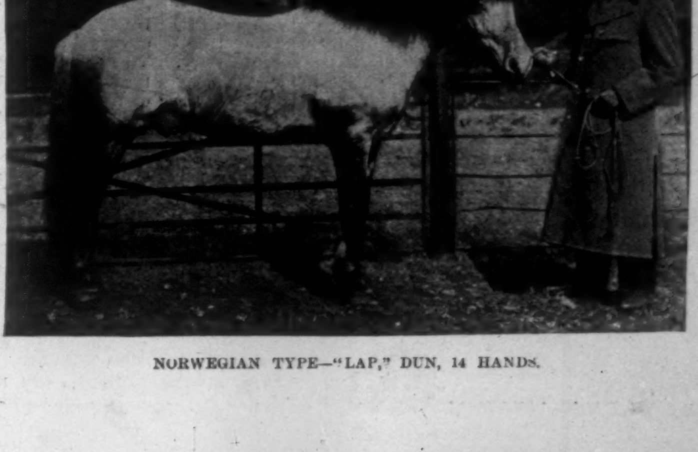
SHETLAND PONIES.

In the Shetland Isles there has never been any temptation to use horses as a cross for ponies, hence symmetry has never been sacrificed to size.

People generally believe there is but one breed of true Shetland ponies. In fact, no less than five distinct families are recognized by experts. The ponies of the South Mainland are quite different from those of Unst, and both these are unlike the Fetlar breed. These three in turn are different from the Fair Island and Bressy varieties. All these, however, have sufficient points in common, while differing from other ponies, to be considered pure Shelties, and need not be separated for the purposes of this discussion. They are the smallest breed of horses known to man, varying from 36 to 44 inches in height. Catherine Sinclair, in *Shetland and its Inhabitants*, written in 1840, says, "When well fed they grow nearly to the height of a donkey; but some years ago Mr. Hay raised a perfectly formed pony which measured only 20 inches high."

On the islands the ponies are subjected to great hardships, which they are able to bear because of their tremendously thick coats; but that they are never housed, even in the severest weather, is a fiction. They are far too valuable to be exposed to such chance of dying, especially so since the passage of Lord Ashley's acts in 1840. These forbade the use of boys as beasts of burden in the coal-pits of England, and created such a demand for small ponies to draw trucks on the underground tramways that about 500 a year have been taken from the islands for that purpose, ever since.

Some of them are said to have worked underground for twenty years without ever coming to the surface or



NORWEGIAN TYPE—"LAP," DUN, 14 HANDS.

seeing the sun. They are very tough and strong for their size, live on hard fare, and neither require nor receive much care. Strange to say, the young foals are singularly delicate and difficult to raise.

Quite a difference of opinion exists among breeders as to the desirability of striving for very diminutive size. Some think this has been carried too far, and consider the South Mainland family, long and rakish in breed, "hard-grown" and clean-limbed, the best type. One of this hardy breed has been known to travel from Lunburgh to Lerwick and back the same day, carrying a tolerably large man, a distance of 56 miles over a hilly road.

Certain infallible characteristics distinguish a true Shetland pony from all other breeds. They have a certain breadth of build, set of pasterns, and a *blasé* air possessed by no other. As a race the Shelties are inclined to spare themselves; and if they have a weakness, it is a tendency to "heaves," or asthma.

About 1873 Lord Londonderry, owner of extensive collieries in England, commenced the systematic breeding of Shetland ponies, and to-day his ponies are held in the highest esteem. He bought the entire island of Noss, and part of Bressay, opposite Lerwick, the capital. One who has visited the stud says of them. "Any one seeing the Londonderry herd now, and who saw it at the time of its formation, would be very much struck by the great difference in type brought about by careful mating and selection. . . . The objects aimed at all along have been reduction of size without loss of strength; increase of size of bone, with greater uniformity in type and color; improved shoulders and action, and neater heads. All these desired qualities have been attained in a marvellous degree, which proves the possibility of altering the type of animals to any standard required if a fixed ideal is kept steadily in view and patiently and persistently adhered to."

There is great variety in color despite the general impression that there are no true colors but brown, bay, or black. All colors are seen on the islands, from a light fawn, almost white, through every variation to black. Perhaps the rarest color is gray; but piebalds fetch the highest prices. Of these some beautiful specimens are owned in the United States, Mr. T. C. Patterson and Mr. George Green having shown some very handsome ones at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, New York, in the exhibition of 1894.

A Shetland pony should never have a curry-comb put to his coat or shears to his mane or tail. Careful brushing is all that he should get, lest his coat be broken, and brush and comb to his mane and tail are the only liberties allowable. One of these little creatures trimmed like a polo-pony is a sight to make a horseman weep.

Shetland pony breeding is now a well-established industry in America, and should be encouraged, as it cannot fail of being profitable where intelligently carried on. Mr. Brydon, representative of the Marquis of Londonderry, wrote, in 1891: "Average yearlings are worth, in the north of England, £15 [$75] per head; two-year-olds, £18 [$90]; and older ponies are scarcely obtainable. The price is governed in great degree by the size. The smaller they are—*cæteris paribus*—the more money they are worth. A good four-year-old, 9 hands 2 inches, will fetch on an average £10 more than one five or six inches higher."

While on this subject of size the opinion of a well-known expert on such matters is worthy of attention. He wrote, in 1890:

"Your people [Americans] are buying ponies, chiefly Shetlands, from us under the impression, doubtless, that they can continue the breed on its present diminutive lines. If they put them down in the same climate as our northern isles possess, and bring them up under a Siberian sky and in a condition of semi-starvation, then possibly they may remain bantamized. But put them on your generous keep and rich herbage in an energetic climate, and the dapper little dwarf will develop into an ungainly brute, with all the faults and few of the perfections of his ancestors. In pony-breeding here we find that diminutive size and short commons must run together."

The experience of an observant American breeder in another line confirms the statement of the English correspondent. He writes: "I was at one time experimenting with game-cocks. I succeeded in ten years in dwarfing medium-sized birds to the size of doves. I had one little fellow not a bit larger than a big robin. And talk about a fighter! I have never forgiven myself for selling him for twenty-five dollars. My method was to select the smallest that were fine, and hatch from them late in the season. Contending with cold and inclement weather had more to do with dwarfing them than anything except their being obliged to hunt their own living."

The fact that the Shetland ponies seem to thrive on such treatment as would kill other animals makes them profitable where others would net a loss.

A Canadian breeder who has followed the business for many years writes. "The cost of them is never noticed on a farm. We have found them without exception quite active, prompt drivers, and safe for children to ride or drive."

It probably costs no more to feed a pony than a sheep, and every foal a mare drops is worth fifty dollars at weaning-time. This is a good return for one's money. Moreover, it is a great advantage for children to early become familiar with horses, and many a thorough horseman can bear testimony that he owes much of his expertness as rider and driver to his having learned the rudiments with a gentle pony when a boy. The Shelties, as a rule, are gentle. They have plenty of endurance when put to it, but, as suggested above, are very cute in saving themselves, seldom making greater effort than is necessary. This very lack of ambition makes the breed especially valuable for the use of small children, and they can be put to such use when two years old.

SPENCER BORDEN.

ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS OF THE MANY PROBLEMS that have to be met and solved by the governing officers or executive committees in any kind of amateur sport—whether track athletics, baseball, football, bicycling, or anything else—is that of the treatment of a team or a school or a college that has played some individual contrary to the rules adopted to govern that contest. There are so many factors which enter into this question, to affect it one way or another, that it seems almost as if every instance of this kind ought to be treated as a separate affair and strictly upon its own demerits. But naturally such a course is impossible, because all athletics must be conducted according to law and with a prescribed order, else sport must soon fall into chaos.

THE MOST IMPORTANT MATTER, therefore, is to frame regulations concerning eligibility to amateur teams—more especially to school and college teams—that shall recognize, as far as possible, the many peculiarities and conditions of school and college life, and then enforce these rules with such unflinching severity that the present half-hearted consideration for constitutions and by-laws will soon be turned into absolute and unswerving respect. The colleges have been legislating in these matters much longer than the schools, and they consequently find less trouble now in enforcing the true principles of the amateur spirit. The schools so far have not had experience enough to settle upon any firm or satisfactory policy, and yet it is most important that scholastic athletics should be kept pure, for the schools are the training-grounds of the colleges. Boys, too, among themselves, will look lightly upon small infractions which later in life they would recognize to be fully as serious, morally, as a greater offence.

IT IS NOT SO DIFFICULT AFTER ALL, perhaps, to frame the law which shall govern a contest as to determine upon, and afterwards to enforce, the penalty for transgression. But an instance of penal legislation which seems to point in the right direction has just been given in a neighboring city. For the needs of the present discussion it matters not whether the action taken was justified in this particular instance, nor is the identity of the individuals and the schools concerned of any consequence to the argument. Let them, therefore, remain nameless; but the lesson derives force from being drawn of fact rather than of theory. It was alleged that a certain school, a member of an interscholastic league, had played a man during the football season who had no connection with the institution except for football purposes. Charges to this effect were lodged against the school, and the accused institution was found guilty by the body intrusted with the consideration of such cases. The important question to consider next was the penalty to be inflicted. The chief difficulty in all such cases, of course, is to locate the responsibility. Should it fall on the entire school, upon the principal, the faculty, upon the captain of the team, or upon the team as a whole? It might so happen that the principal was aware of this particular player's ineligibility and yet winked at it. It might be that the entire school knew of the irregularity, but kept silence through a mistaken sense of loyalty or for some other cause. It might be that the captain connived with the ineligible player to keep him upon the team, and it might be that the other players compounded the deception. All these are possibilities.

THE FIRST THEORY, HOWEVER, IS MOST IMPROBABLE, and may safely be set aside at once. Therefore, in all justice, whatever penalty is inflicted should be such that it would not affect the principal of the school or the faculty. The second contingency is one that can never be satisfactorily investigated; and even should it be proved that part of the scholars were aware that deception was being practised, it is certain that a much larger proportion of them were entirely ignorant of any wrong-doing. The punishable element, therefore, resolves itself down to the captain and the players of the team and their managers. Even here it will be almost impossible to sift the guilty from the not guilty, for in an offence of this nature there must of necessity be various degrees of guilt. The fairest course to take, then, is to assume that every player knows what is being done on his team, and to place in this way upon each one individually the responsibility for the integrity of all his companions in sport. This may seem a trifle too rigorous at first glance, but a little thought will show that it should be a light responsibility upon gentlemen and sportsmen, especially upon boys who are with one another daily for nine months of the year, and who, from force of circumstances, must surely know all about one another. It is a responsibility that is powerfully mitigated and lightened by the very conditions which impose it.

IT WILL HARDLY BE JUST TO PLACE this responsibility upon the captain alone, because it is plain that the rest of the team might easily combine to deceive him. Thus the best method appears to be that which makes the team as a body responsible for its component parts. If the penalty for an infraction of the rules is made so severe that the captain and every player will make it his business, for his own sake, to know all about every other man on the team, there will be less of that "don't care" and "don't know" spirit in scholastic sport. If the responsibility for the integrity of the team is placed upon the players themselves, upon the men who are looking forward hopefully to a successful career among other amateurs, then every one of these players will be looking out for his own skin, and the moment he hears that there is something crooked about his companion he will investigate for himself; and if he finds there are good grounds for suspicion, he will soon see that the evil is remedied. This may sound like advocating a system where selfishness rather than a just sense of honor must be the controlling motive; but that is not the idea at all. Every one who has the slightest knowledge of the character of boys knows how much they dislike to put themselves to any trouble, especially in matters of a disagreeable nature. There is little doubt that the average strictly honest sportsman on a school team would do nothing to rid his eleven or nine of a player who he was fairly sure had no right to be there, simply because it would necessitate his putting himself to some trouble, and possibly subject himself to some unpleasantness. It is for this reason that an incentive should be given to every boy by penalizing indifference to dishonesty.

THE COMMITTEE TO WHICH THE CHARGES against the school spoken of above were referred, doubtless looked upon the matter very much in this way, for the decision they came to, if the offence was satisfactorily proved, was most equitable and just. They decided that none of the boys who had played on that team should ever again be allowed to play under their jurisdiction. This practically shuts out these lads from sport for the rest of their school days, although a saving clause was inserted in the resolutions which, later, may help to absolve many from the ban. This decision seems a severe penalty, and, for the sufferers, it is. But the example will purify school sport in that section to a certainty.

THERE WAS A CASE SOMEWHAT SIMILAR to this one in New York last spring. On the Harvard School nine there was a player who had no right to play, according to the rules of the Interscholastic Association. He did play, nevertheless, and, as a result, the Harvard School was expelled from the Association. This was unnecessary severity. It was probably not the fault of the entire body of scholars in the Harvard School that the lad played upon the nine, or that the captain of the nine allowed him to; and there may be many good sportsmen in the school to-day who are now debarred by this ruling from interscholastic competition. These boys must either give up their sport or leave the Harvard School, because an ill-advised or ill-intentioned youngster committed a fault. This brings injury to the school and to its principal. Many will argue, and justly, that it was Mr. Freeland's business to see that the boy did not play, and thereby break the rules and incriminate the entire school. Mr. Freeland asserts that he did give orders that the lad should not play; but the boy played contrary to these orders which Mr. Freeland says he gave, and all this trouble followed. It is a difficult position for a principal to be placed in, and one that must make great demands upon his capacity for controlling his scholars. It has been said, in this instance, that Mr. Freeland permitted and encouraged the boy to play, but when charges were preferred against the Harvard School for the offence committed, Mr. Freeland asserted positively that he did not permit and certainly never encouraged any such actions as those of which the boy has been found guilty. The principals of schools should either be members or not be members of the athletic organizations of their scholars. If they are members they should be responsible for the acts of their wards; if they are not members, it is the offending boys, and not the schools they attend, which should be made to suffer.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE CHINESE COLONY.

ON Sunday afternoons streams of Celestials are to be seen pouring into the district given over to the Chinese, from all the adjoining towns and cities, to gather in their week's supply of Chinese delicacies and to gossip.

They gather until the three narrow streets which they have gradually made their own are swarming with laughing, skylarking groups; and here in the deep shadows of the narrow streets, shut in by the high surrounding buildings, just a little distance from the roaring Bowery, amid the shrill thin strains of Chinese music floating from the open windows, the curling wreaths of smoke from the pipes and cigarettes, lounging everywhere are the noisy chattering groups, little half-breed children running and playing among the crowds—theirs is what the policeman on the street calls the "American language," although they also understand Chinese. There are waiters from the restaurants with trays of food upon their heads; garden-truck men from Astoria with their vegetable baskets; much-admired babies in the arms of the solitary stout old Chinese nurse or proud papas; the occasional white girl resident; the autocratic fat policeman with his familiar bantering jokes; and through the doorways glimpses of interiors—a nimble-fingered diner with his dainty chopsticks and a bowl of rice, or a tailor fitting a dandified laundryman with a partly finished fur-collared garment; or the grocery store, where you are greeted with "Wha' you wan'?" where imported delicacies are vigorously insinuating their peculiar odor through and over all things—a rare collection of every form of fish, fruit, or flesh which will submit itself to the curing and drying processes necessary for its long journey from China. Here are nuts; shrivelled, greasy strings of sausages; fish of every size and variety, from heaps of tiny minnows to great dry flat steaks; smoked ham, and a great collection of other articles, such as dried mushrooms, whose original forms have been so completely lost that it is impossible to guess what they are or have been.

Then there are fresh vegetables, grown over in Astoria, Long Island—queer hairy cucumberlike squashes, very bitter, and used a great deal in Chinese cooking; strange cabbages and roots, and other products of the industry of the enterprising Chinese farmer who, a few years ago, started what has proved to be a very profitable business.

The theatre at the end of narrow Doyers Street is the scene of nightly entertainment of such a slow and incomprehensible order that it has no delights for the stranger other than those of novelty. The everlasting play goes on, without action as we understand it, accompanied by the thin, shrill, monotonous music. The actors are all men, clothed in richly worked costumes, their faces highly painted when taking the female parts.

The joss-house, or the Chinese place of worship, is at the top of one of the dilapidated old New York houses on Mott Street. On the first floor is a shop, and after feeling one's way up the dark rickety stairs there is a vision of the interior of a Chinese restaurant on the second floor; the cook is busy with an order for a loud-voiced white girl and some companions, who are having a discussion with the waiter; up another flight of stairs, past a half-open door, through which a mysterious domestic interior shows itself, and then along the hall to the front room, where a powerful odor of sweet incense fills the nostrils, and a bewildering accumulation of strange interior decorations denotes the sacred place. It is the ordinary large room extending across the full width of the house, but completely changed in character by the imported carved black wooden furnishings, the carving being relieved with gold. This gives a very sombre but rich tone to the place, which is added to by the elaborate lanterns and hangings from the ceiling. A large screen in the centre of the floor faces the altar, which is truly gorgeous in its color and glitter, its peacock feathers and candles. There are no congregational services in the temple; each individual pays for his own candle and incense, and conducts his own worship, or pays the small fee to the soothsayer, and has his probable luck in any contemplated undertaking foretold.

W. BENGOUGH.

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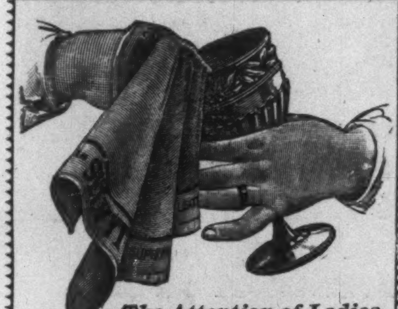

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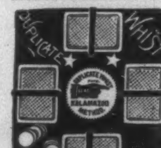

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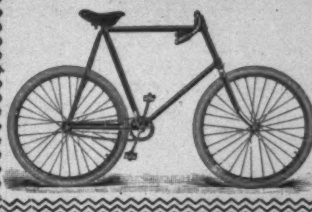

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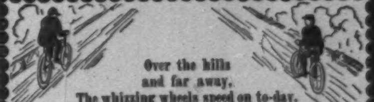

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